# Saturday Review

ECEMBER 8, 1956 / 20¢

## AWDUST, SEAWEED ND SYNTHETICS

y Edgar Ansel Mowrer

## RITICS' CHOICE: he Year's Best

re-Holiday Recordings Issue

## LPHABET OF THE POCALYPSE

y Carlos P. Romulo

ebecca West, author of
he Fountain Overflows." (Page 14)

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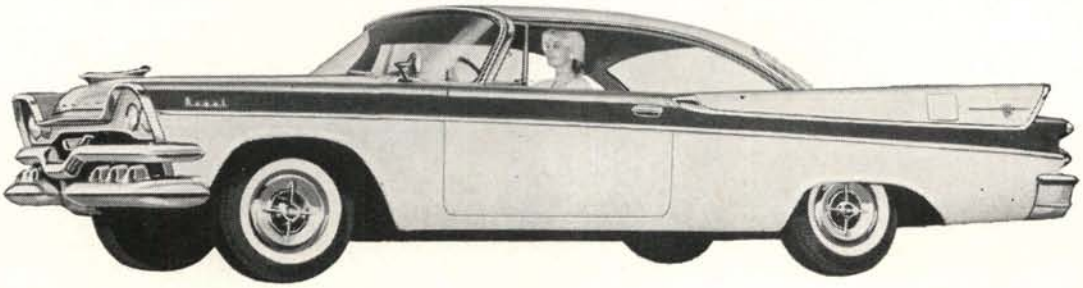
# At The Auto Show . . . New York Coliseum Dec. 8 thru 16

1957 PLYMOUTH

## NEWEST NEW CARS IN 20 YEARS



1957 DODGE

## WITH THE NEW SHAPE OF MOTION

1957 DE SOTO

## WITH THE NEW TORSION-AIRE RIDE

1957 CHRYSLER

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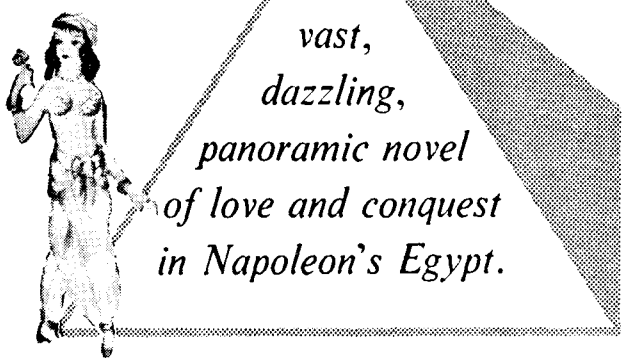


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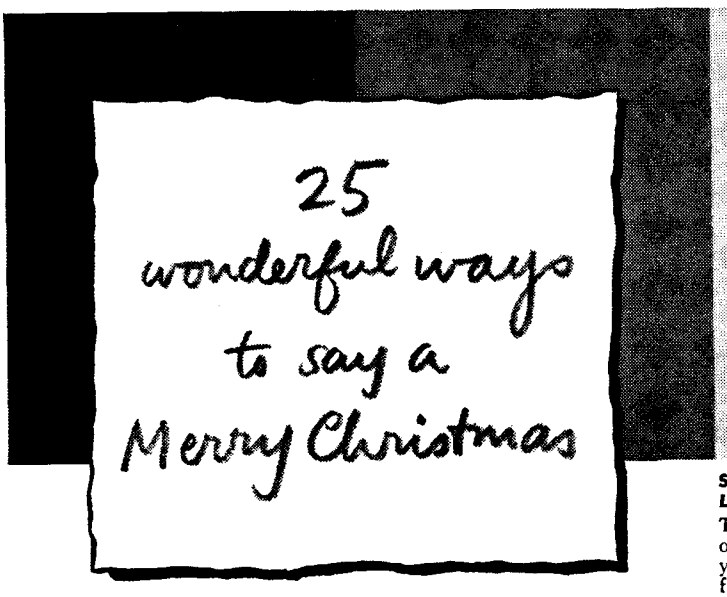


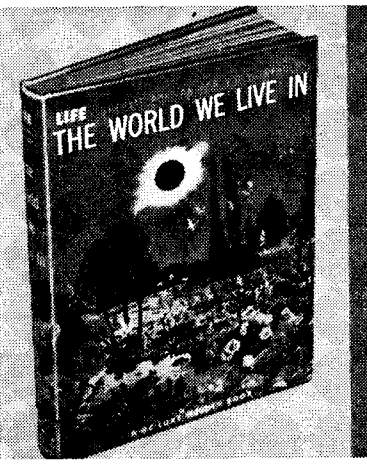


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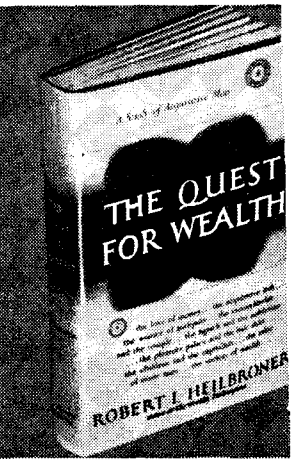


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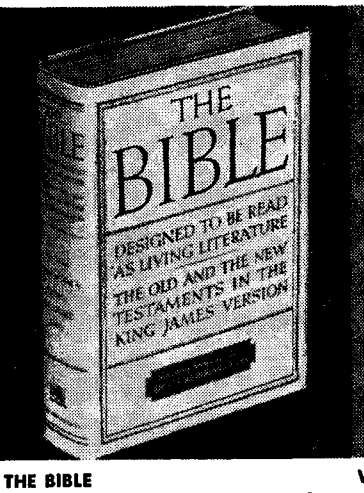


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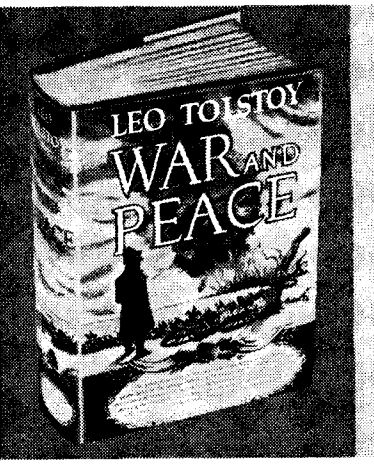


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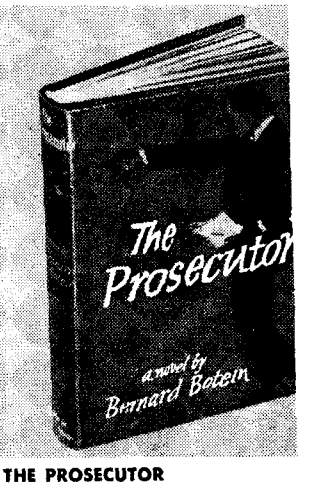


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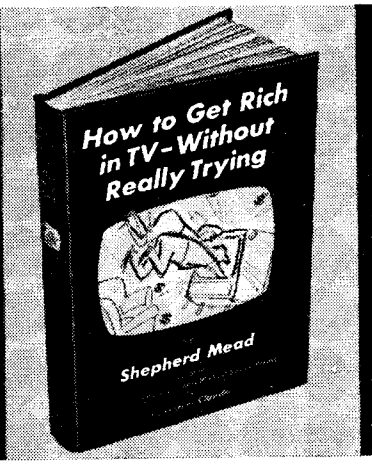


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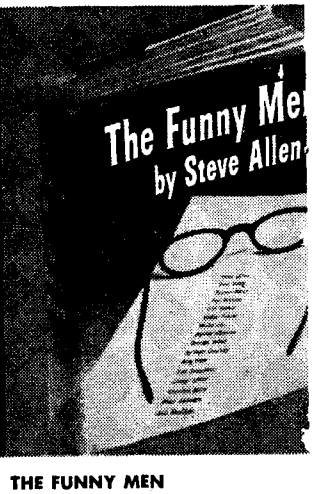


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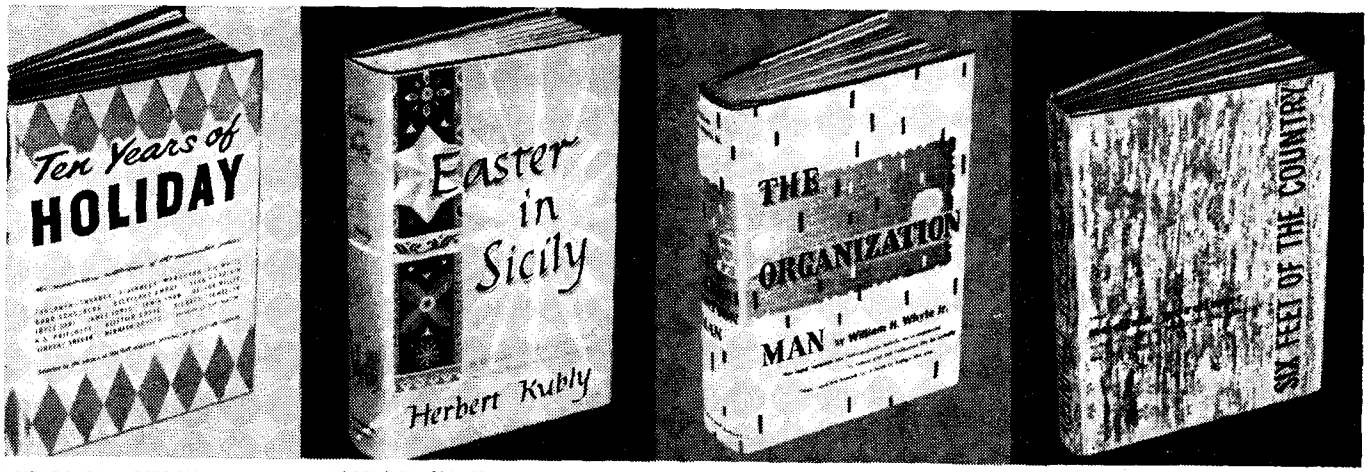


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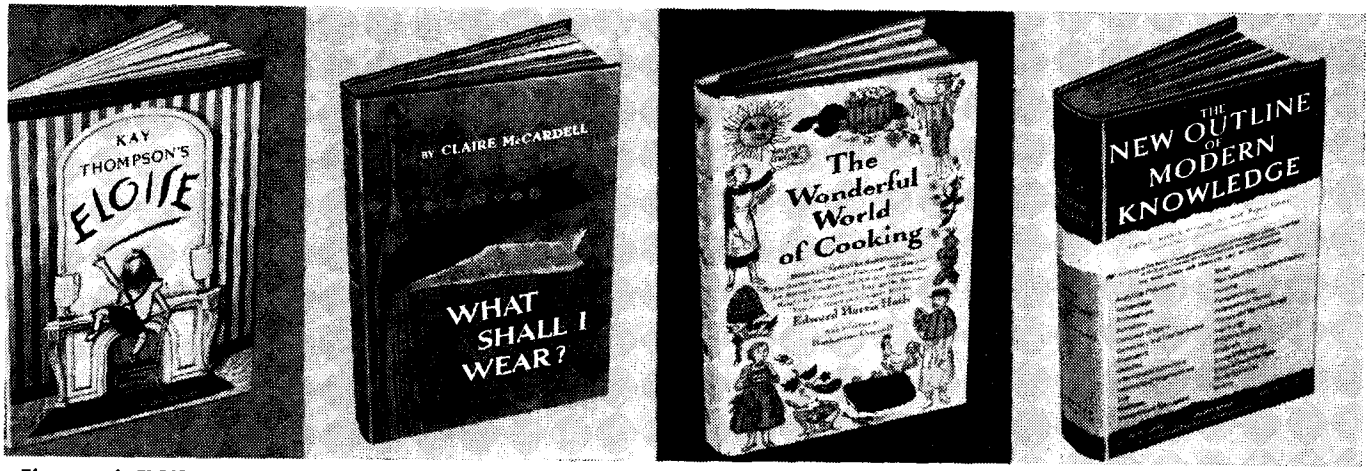


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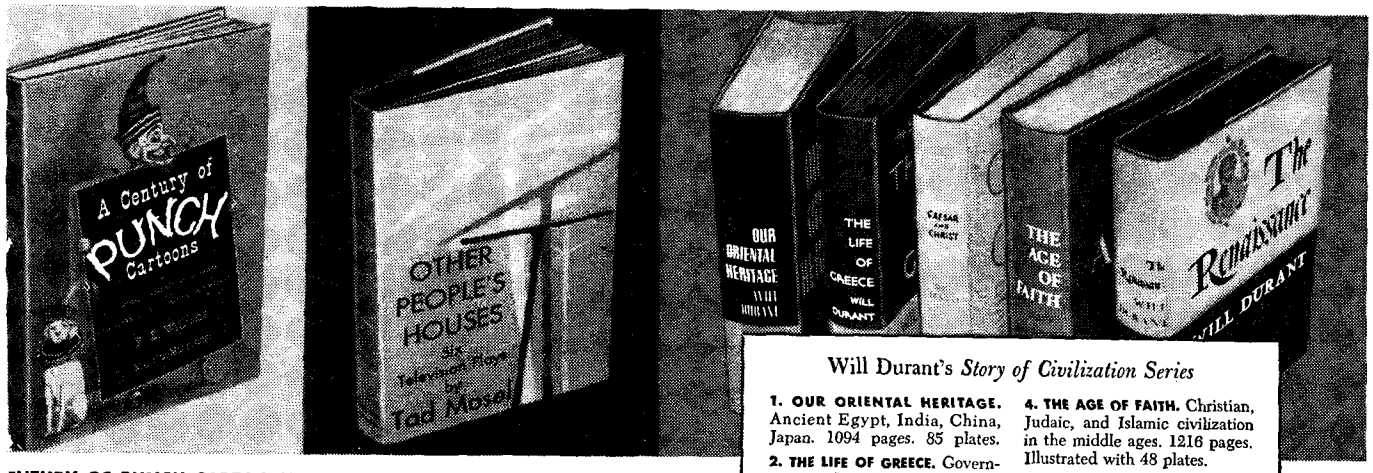


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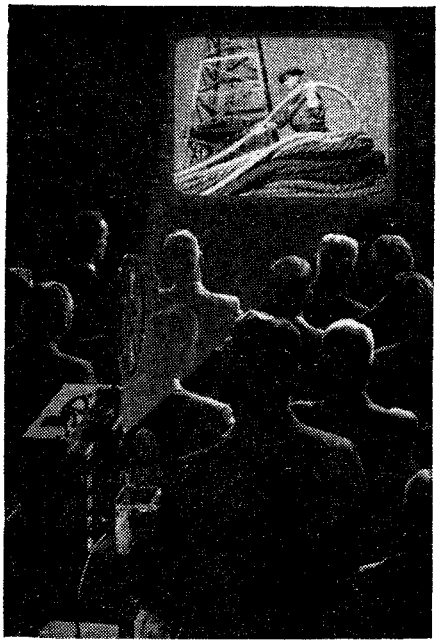

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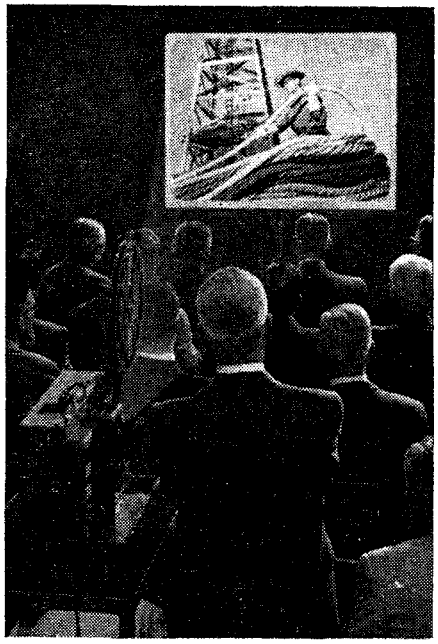

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# *The Saturday Review*

DECEMBER 8, 1956

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**SR/IDEAS**


**11** Sawdust, Seaweed, and Synthetics, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer

**26** Alphabet of the Apocalypse: An Editorial, by Carlos P. Romulo

**34** Critics' Choice: The Year's Best Recordings


**SR/BOOKS**


**14** The Fountain Overflows, by Rebecca West
*Reviewed by James Gray*

**15** Stories, by Jean Stafford, John Cheever, Daniel Fuchs, and William Maxwell
*Reviewed by William Peden*

**16** The Muses Are Heard, by Truman Capote
*Reviewed by Horace Sutton*

**17** A Short History of Russia, by R. D. Charques
*Reviewed by Maurice Hindus*

**18** George Bernard Shaw: Man of the Century, by Archibald Henderson
*Reviewed by Joseph Wood Krutch*

**19** Essays in Literary Criticism, by George Santayana, edited by Irving Singer
*Reviewed by Carlos Baker*

**21** It's a Big Country, by Ben Lucien Burman
*Reviewed by John T. Winterich*

**22** The Centuries of Santa Fe, by Paul Horgan
*Reviewed by Walter Prescott Webb*

**23** Books for the Armchair Athlete, by Al Silverman


**SR/DEPARTMENTS**


**7** Trade Winds

**8** Literary Crypt

**28** Letters to the Editor

**29** Broadway Postscript

**30** *SR* Goes to the Movies

**31** TV and Radio

**33** Music to My Ears

**48** Booked for Travel

**54** Literary I.Q.

**58** Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1185



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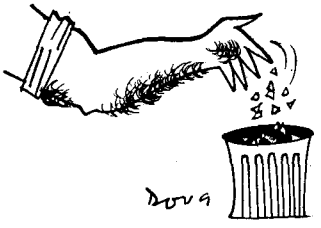
# TRADE Winds

**ERNEST HEMINGWAY,** working hard on a new novel Scribner's hopes to publish before the end of 1957, took time out recently to read an accumulation of mail. Letters from friends and acquaintances pleased him mightily, but he exploded at a request from one editor with a lot of gall for "a free contribution to launch a new magazine in a blaze of glory." "Of course," added this editor, "you can mention your new book in this article and thus get some good publicity."

"What does this character take me for?" stormed Hemingway. "An artist? I'm a businessman who happened to pick writing to earn a living. I can't give away my time for nothing.

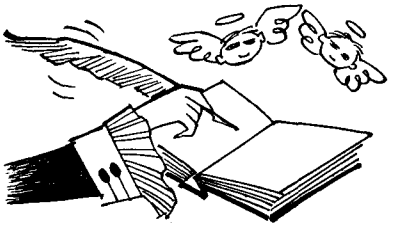


Fellows like this should be told off." While the mood was upon him Hemingway typed a blistering letter to the offending editor—three pages long, single space—telling him the facts of life in very explicit terms. Then he read it to his house guest. The guest nodded approvingly, and pointed out, "Ernest, this is one of the greatest things you've written in years. It's probably three times as long as what that editor hoped for in his wildest dreams. He'll make it his lead-off feature. And he won't be paying you a cent for it."

Mr. Hemingway carefully tore up his letter and threw the pieces into the wastebasket.

**NATURE LOVERS** will have a field day with Edwin Teale's "Autumn Across America" (Dodd, Mead), a companion volume to his previously published "North With the Spring." Even so well-informed an exurbanite as Orville Prescott confessed that such items as the following were new to him: 1) On one day in the hunting season 3 million pheasants were slaughtered in North and South Dakota alone. 2) Harvester ants close the doors of their nests with pebbles at night and open them again in the morning. They also close them when it is going to rain. 3) Salmon identify the river of their birth and the pool where they were hatched by the smell of the water. When salmon start up a fresh-water river to spawn they stop eating and never eat again before they die, sometimes two months later. 4) One billion fern fronds are picked in Washington and Oregon each year and shipped to florists in the forty-six other states. . . . A course of a different choler is served by Dr. Clyde Crobaugh, of the University of Tennessee, in an eye-opening book called "Abusive Words, or How to Cuss Effectively," published by Copia Verborum (Latin for "Plenty of Words"), 313 Bertrand Street, N.E., Knoxville. An amazing number of Dr. Crobaugh's colorful expletives come straight from the Bible. Armed with this tome a man can call an enemy wonderful names for forty minutes straight and never repeat himself once. What a boon for drill sergeants, bridge partners, editors, politicians—and husbands and wives!

**ROOTS . . .** One of several publishers who turned down the first book by Henry Thoreau was the already flourishing house of Harper's. "I have conversed with the Harpers," Thoreau wrote to his mother, "but they are making $50,000 annually and wish to let well enough alone." . . . Shortly after the tragic death of his young son Samuel Taylor Coleridge had occasion to send a book to a friend who had suffered a similar loss. On the flyleaf he inscribed, "To my friend, in recollection of his son and my son, who, by the grace of God, have the privilege of being boys



throughout Eternity." . . . Cervantes, author of "Don Quixote," was held as a slave by the Moors for five years after his capture in a sea battle. . . . When Leigh Hunt boasted "Jennie kissed me when we met, Jumping from the chair she sat in . . ." the impulsive lady to whom he referred was none other than the legally wedded wife of Thomas Carlyle. Authorities for this morsel of gossip are Jay B. Hubbell and John O. Beaty, co-authors of "An Introduction to Poetry." . . . An American lady met James Joyce in Paris one day and complained, "I don't know why critics are hailing your 'Finnegans Wake' as a masterpiece. I don't understand one word of it." Joyce

answered quietly, "Don't you wish you could?"

**LOUIS B. SELTZER,** of *The Cleveland Press,* is the second great Ohio newspaper editor to pen his memoirs. His warm and rewarding "The Years Were Good" follows close on the heels of "I Like People" by the late Grove Patterson, bulwark of *The Toledo Blade.* . . . Ted Laycock and Marjory Mills, literary and food editors, respectively, of *The Boston Globe,* were in Nantucket recently, just after Main Street had been made a one-way thoroughfare. The police had posted signs announcing the change, but Ted was too busy recalling his boyhood days in the Tilton School to notice them, and blithely piloted his jalopy in the wrong direction. Constable John Gibbs blew his whistle. "Marjory! Ted!" said he reprovingly. "We read you in the *Globe.* Why don't you read us?" . . . If any Doubleday tome lays an egg this season it won't be for lack of effort on the part of the sales staff. An existent force of twenty-two salesmen under John Gregg is being supplemented by eleven regional representatives. The company now has at least one salesman resident in twenty-eight major population centers. . . . A panhandler accosted a distinguished lady novelist outside of Dodd, Mead's and whined, "Can you spare a quarter for a hungry man?" The lady novelist experienced a bit of difficulty getting her purse opened, whereupon the panhandler urged, "Hurry up, Lady! I'm double-parked!"

**ONCE AMAZINGLY** *au courant* on current best-sellers, Hollywood producer Sam Marx has fallen 'way behind since he's been concentrating on Indian stories for TV. "All I have time to read nowadays," he laments, "is smoke signals!" . . . There's a young author making the rounds in Manhattan with a spectacular beard that puts the Smith Brothers to shame.

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*From:* Sean O'Casey

*To:* Oriana Atkinson

*Subject:* Her new book

"I'd prefer an Irishman to write a better book, any day, than one written by an American lass -- much as I love her. But there you are: to me, an American girl, a few weeks in Ireland, writes a better book about Ireland than an Irishman who has lived all his life there. God forgive you, Oriana."

THE
**South and the West of It:**
**IRELAND AND ME**
By ORIANA ATKINSON (Mrs. Brooks Atkinson)
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➔ A number of people (and a number of nations) have good reason to stalk the prisoner released from behind the Iron Curtain after 15 long years.

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Accused of being an exhibitionist, he defends himself hotly, "Nonsense! This is the only physical possession in which having it means less work than not having it. Besides, look at Melville, Dostoievsky, and Freud. And

speaking of Freud, do you know that he describes the process of shaving as part of the castration complex, and says that each time a man shaves it is part of his desire to effeminize himself?"

**A YOUNG NOVELIST'S** first best-seller was up for grabs to the highest bidder in Hollywood. One producer, enthusiastic personally, but worried that the public might not be in the mood for a distinctly "down-beat" novel, decided to leave everything to a Univac machine. The producer, three yes-men, and the author accordingly gathered to watch while the galley proofs were fed, one by one, to the electronic marvel, and red, green, and amber lights began flashing in mad profusion. Half-way through the author could stand the suspense no longer. "How am I doing?" he demanded hoarsely. "It looks like you're in," whispered one of the yes-men encouragingly. "The Univac just sent out for another package of popcorn!"

—Bennett Cerf.

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 702

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 702 will be found in the next issue.*

AND SKIING EKLY K

THIPEHFF MN THGC K RKHW

NO QYFFNTB.

—M. CYWQYWG.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 701*

Everything unknown is taken for magnificent. —Tacitus.

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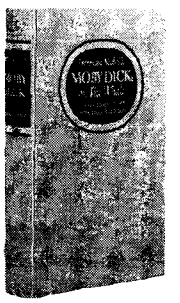

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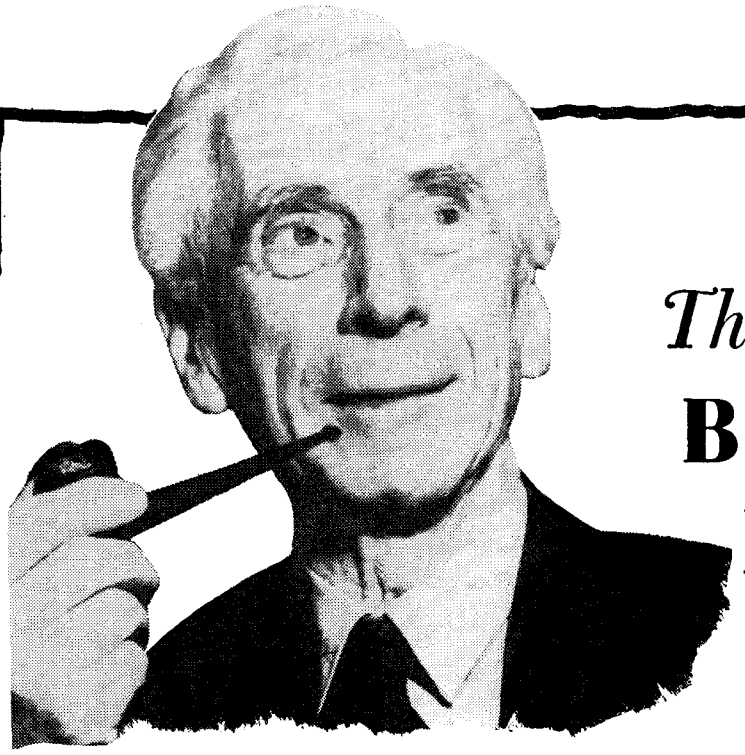

# *The joy of hearing* BERTRAND RUSSELL *reminisce*

IN his new book, the greatest of living philosophers recalls his childhood, his young days, his adventures of the mind, the eminent friends of his youth—from H. G. Wells to Alfred North Whitehead, from Conrad (who was the godfather of Russell's son) to D. H. Lawrence. About these brilliant contemporaries, Lord Russell speaks casually and warmly, as he might to a visitor over tea.

He recalls the day when a red-bearded young man named George Bernard Shaw went flying 20 feet through the air. (Shaw's bicycle had bumped into Russell's. Russell's bicycle was smashed. Shaw, as you will discover, had the last word.)

He recalls Santayana walking down a country lane in black patent leather button boots.

He recalls his great grandmother who, after the age of 80, found she had some difficulty in getting to sleep. Her remedy was to spend the hours from midnight to three a.m. reading popular science.

He tells why he became a philosopher, explains how he writes, remembers how being in prison had its compensations, tells why he is not a communist, recalls college days when the eccentric Cambridge don was in flower.

Here is a glimpse of Lord Russell, talking informally, to the reader of *Portraits from Memory.*

☛ **On his heredity:** "Of remoter ancestors I can only discover one who did not live to a great age, and he died of a disease which is now rare, namely, having his head cut off."

☛ **On George Bernard Shaw:** "He would write the names of all his characters on little squares of paper, and, when he was doing a scene, he would put on a chess board in front of him the names of the characters who were on the stage."

☛ **On Russia:** "My grandmother said [to the Czar's Ambassador] 'Perhaps some day you will have a parliament in Russia,' and he replied, 'God forbid, my dear Lady John.' The Russian Ambassador of today might give the same answer if he changed the first word."

☛ **On Joseph Conrad:** "He thought of civilized and morally tolerable human life as a dangerous walk on a thin crust of barely cooled lava which at any moment might break and let the unwary sink into fiery depths."

☛ **On Santayana:** "He held that only the Mediterranean peoples are capable of contemplation. Toward me, as toward other northern philosophers, his attitude was one of gentle pity for having attempted something too high for us."

☛ **Advice to Young Professors:** "I am allowed to use plain English because everybody knows that I could use mathematical logic if I chose. I suggest to young professors that their first work should be written in a jargon only to be understood by the erudite few. With that behind them, they can ever after say what they have to say in a language 'understanded of the people.'"

These phrases, plucked from the gracious recollections of which they are a part, give only an inkling of the pleasure in store for the reader.

## PORTRAITS FROM MEMORY

**By BERTRAND RUSSELL**

**Just out. $3.50 at all bookstores** SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

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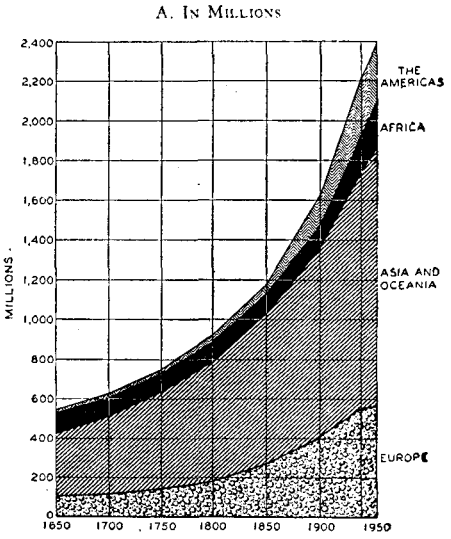
*The Saturday Review*

DECEMBER 8, 1956

# SAWDUST, SEAWEED, AND SYNTHETICS

## *The Hazards of Crowding*

*The graph at right charts the prodigious multiplication of* Homo sapiens *since the start of the Industrial Revolution. Even in 1956 scientists agree that, given no national boundaries and unlimited technical subsidy, the world could be made to support many times its present population. These conditions do not yet exist, so somebody is going to have to do some thinking about the big problems represented by the growing human family. Some of the non-material values like culture and graciousness are here considered by Edgar Ansel Mowrer, well-known foreign correspondent and political analyst.*




By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

A GREAT-grandfather of mine left Central Illinois as "too darned civilized" when he failed to sight a deer on his own birthday. Another close relative finds my house in the New Hampshire woods "too lonely," although the nearest neighbor is less than a quarter of a mile away! Even under ideal conditions there are always some people who will think the world is too crowded. In a scientific sense, however, it is important to ask: How many people are too many?

To begin with, any humane or logical blueprint of an optimum earth must allow for varying degrees of human density, from the 137 people per acre in Manhattan (87,680 per square mile) to the utter emptiness of Antarctica.

The earth's present density (forty-two per square mile of land) still permits almost everybody able to travel to find somewhat the sort of environment that means the most. But not for long—not at the present rate of human increase. Java suffers from no less than 1,000 souls per square mile. There a drive through the so-called countryside resembles, for the number of people encountered, the U.S. seacoast between Miami Beach and Fort Lauderdale, Florida—an unending suburb! And the eastern seaboard of the United States, taken as a single area, already counts 180 to the square mile, over three times the national average.

Thanks to her readiness to accept the Lord's living bounty our country is confounding the population "experts" of the Twenties and Thirties who dolefully predicted a stationary or diminishing American population. In fact, a great change has come over American society. The average young American woman, according to Betsy Talbot Blackwell, editor of *Mademoiselle,* "follows the current trend of marrying in her late teens or early twenties, and raising as many children as the good Lord gives her." The American people have increased no less than 31 million in the past twenty years. Two and eight-tenths millions joined the throng in 1955, and each successive sunrise (as of October 1956) sees 7,200 more citizens than the previous dawn.

Certainly these child-eager American young women, taken together, seem to have reversed what demographers thought was a one-way street, namely, the so-called Demographic Transition. This was the breakthrough from an original situation as a high birth-rate, high death-rate country to a low birth-rate, low death-rate country. It was thought to occur whenever a population reached a certain standard of living. Instead, an American birth-rate that from 1935 to 1945 was about 20 per 1,000 has since the end of World War II stayed

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around 25 per 1,000. The United States is setting a new pattern: middle birth-rate with low death-rate. As a result future estimates have been drastically revised upward. One demographer predicts a U.S. population of 193,400,000 for 1975 and no less than 320 million for the year 2000! Although population forecasting is obviously more of an art than a science present calculations might well turn out to be correct. For the American reversal of the prewar trend, if it continues, is something new—a rising living standard provoking more rather than less conception.

Anyhow, for two-thirds of the world's population births are still running close to the physiological maximum. Costa Rica (1952) chalked up no less a birth-rate than 54.6 per 1,000 inhabitants. India is another example. India's population, thanks to a high death-rate, remained virtually stable for two or three thousand years prior to 1850—and the country was well fed and prosperous. Since the British cut the death-rate the number of Indians has zoomed skyward with no promise of relief. Ceylon's population is growing by 3 per cent a year! Before Perry Japan had a stable population. Since that gentleman "opened" it the Japanese have multiplied like weeds. Under American occupation after World War II they grew almost visibly—and still do. Some have calculated that the world's people will by the year 2106 have reached 20 billion.

Nature's explosive fecundity is as awesome as the power of the atom. A well-fed amoeba will double in an hour. Given adequate food and favorable circumstances it could by the sixth day have produced enough amoebas to exceed the weight of the entire earth! One type of plant louse breeds so quickly that if all its progeny survived the lice would in ten generations weigh as much as 500 million stout men (Huxley). If every codfish egg became adult and reproduced, within six years the Atlantic Ocean would be a solid mass of cod. Certain protozoa might, theoretically, fill *all known space* in a few years.

Human beings cannot quite keep up but some try hard. The Hutterites of the USA and Canada have increased by some nineteen times in the last seventy years. At the present rate they would in 250 years more equal the present population of the United States. The original 6,000 French settlers of Canada have multiplied no less than 700 times in a little over 300 years. Let present death rates sink further—as seems likely if mankind avoids a major atomic war—and there seem no *a priori* limits on the number of people except those of available food and other primary resources.

Already the vehemence of our growth threatens with extinction many other forms of organic life. A contemporary zoologist, N. J. Berrill, believes that the earth produces roughly the same amount of life at all times. It follows that when one organic element, in this case the human race, starts roaring its expansive way across the earth's surface other elements fade and die out. Hence, the present growing "prevalence of people" must—Berrill holds—seem to all other life *"like a cancer whose strange cells multiply without restraint, ruthlessly demanding the nourishment that all the body has need of."* And he concludes that sooner or later the body (or the community) is starved of support and perishes.

As a whole Americans are still barely aware of any problem. Our tradition is one of limitless spaces to be filled, limitless resources to be developed. Businessmen are purring over the flood of new customers. Even trained economists look upon the torrent of new babies primarily in terms of the ever-expanding market. The spectacle of suburbs mushrooming out over once pastoral landscapes around our cities may at some point cause a reconsideration. But in proportion to other countries ours is still only moderately populated. As against less than one acre of cultivated land per person in most parts of the earth, our own ratio, though down to just over two acres per head, is still sufficient to flood the country with unconsumed food which the Government lets rot rather than sell, give, or throw away. Botanist Karl Sax states that even "with present agricultural techniques, the United States and Canada could provide ample food for a population of 200 million and a subsistence diet for nearly 1 billion." So Americans need not yet fear hunger. Not so a country like India. There —according to chemist Harrison Brown—nine-tenths of the *total labor* is already devoted to obtaining food. Unless the birth rate falls sharply no improvement seems conceivable.

Such rapid human increase has started a first-class controversy among experts, both recognized and self-proclaimed. Obviously, unlimited reproduction must *at some point*—unless offset by a growing death rate—lead to starvation. The dispute is about the location of that point.

Viewers-with-alarm (who go back to the Church father Tertullian) see the limit as fairly close at hand. And anyhow, even if we do not soon run out of food we are—they believe—rapidly using up many other essential resources (including cheap water) whose exhaustion or decline would shortly force us back into a purely agricultural condition. On the other hand, specialists of equal prestige regard natural growth as a sign of laudable virility which will correct itself before it becomes dangerous.

The argument—with the specialists so divided—is as confusing as all-important. Nonetheless, if a layman may presume, it seems largely irrelevant to the real question. The demographers are mostly overlooking the essential point. This is not what is the earth's *maximum*, but what is its *optimum* population? *At what density are human beings most able to live the Good Life?* If by stepping up the fertility of our women we can provide more favorable surroundings for their children, well and good. If, on the other hand, further urbanization and suburbanization will prevent the fullest individual development of which people are capable then it is time to slow down.

It is surprising how few population students seem to have centered their investigation upon this point. Even the promising title "Ideal Size for Our Population" (*New York Times* Magazine, May 1, 1955), by the sociologist Kingsley Davis, is deceptive. Mr. Davis at one point writes bravely:

"Some (person) will, as I do, see certain disadvantages in an ever larger number of people—disadvantages which do not concern tangibles such as food and housing but rather the intangible but nonetheless treasured aspects of life." But then he spoils the effect: "These may seem *trivial* considerations and *in a way they are.*" (My italics.)

Personal freedom, nature, beauty, privacy, solitude, variety, savor—triv-

## Companions

By Adrien Stoutenburg

A LEAF ran at my heels
half-way across the dusk.
It rattled like a cough.
It was as curled as an old man's hand
around a hoe.
It was as brown as the apes.
In a gust we parted,
the leaf stumbling one way
and I another.
It was not a decision;
we merely went on separate journeys.
The wind rose behind me
and I carried it on my shoulders
all the way
like a raving corner of the sea.

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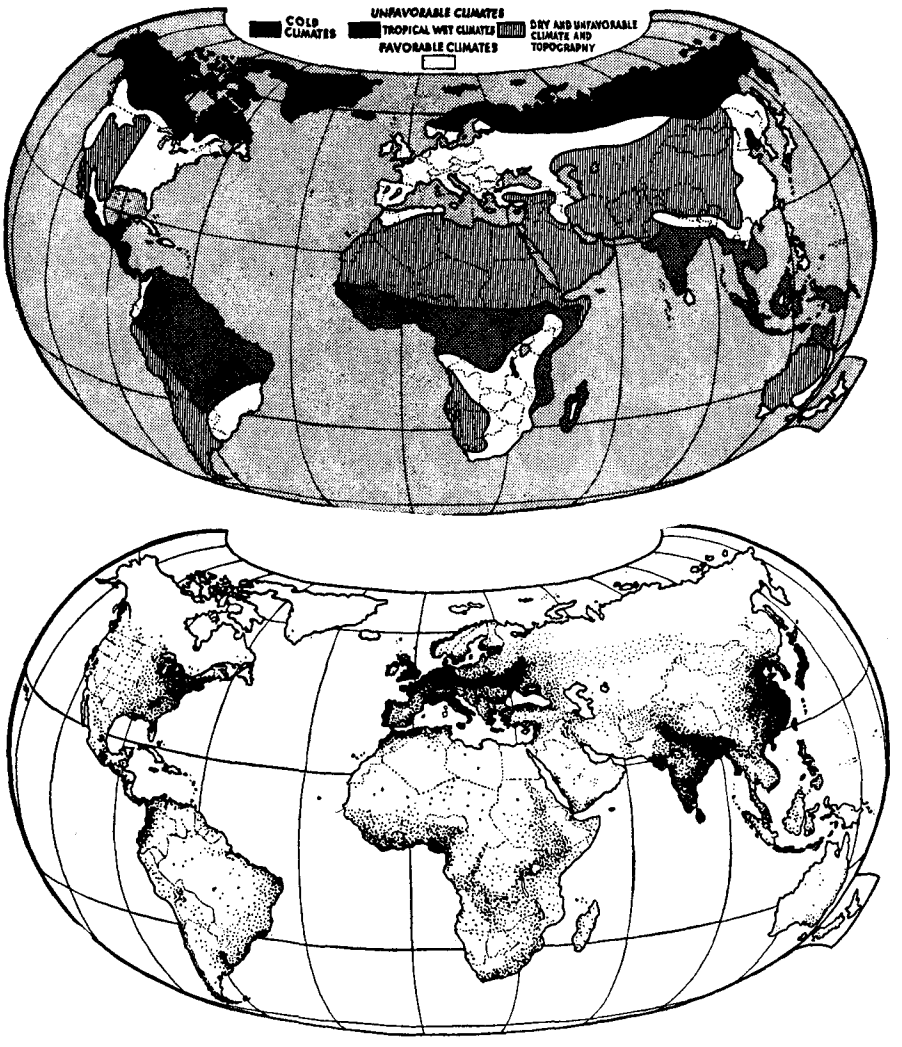


**SOME OF THE SERIOUS PROBLEMS** of an expanding race are highlighted by these two maps. At top are charted the world's favorable and unfavorable climates. At bottom is charted the distribution of the human family in 1940 (each dot represents 100,000 persons). There are five large regions temperate enough in climate, and rich enough in agricultural and/or other resources, to support a dense inhabitation—in other words, regions where each year's population increment should settle. But the largest of these areas—Europe and Central Russia—is already either heavily populated or politically impossible. There's room in our own United States, but we know too well the restrictions of our postwar immigration policies. Then China, one of the most crowded countries in the world; and Central Africa, suffering from worsening political developments. The only "good life" region left is Brazil, where cities like Sao Paolo are among the fastest growing ever known. The rest of mankind, and an increasing ratio of the race, seemed to be consigned to live more-or-less marginally in jungle, exhausted plains, icy steppe, desert, or—perhaps in a generation—on another planet.

ial? Surely Mr. Davis would admit that all are essential components of valid human living even at the present dubious level.

It is, or should be, perfectly obvious that the greater the crowding, the larger the number of people in proportion to diminishing natural resources, the more the authorities will be obliged to curtail their liberties, not because they are necessarily opposed to freedom but because they must do so if living is to be made endurable for any of them. The result could well be the hive, or world-wide welfare state, which looks after the material needs of all its citizens while strictly controlling their actions; in short, a kind of benevolent "Nineteen Eighty-four" where Big Brother is looking at each person just about every minute.

Now the drive for freedom, we know, is not only anchored in the freeman's soul, it is a part of his biological nature. The reaction against constraint is one of the earliest and deepest to appear in higher animals. It will hardly disappear in man, or if it does seems bound to reappear later. Constraint and an overdense population are inseparable.

What of that close relationship between man and the rest of nature which crowding is already tending to distort? How far can mankind lose contact with both the organic substratum and the macrocosmic framework of his life and prosper spiritually?

Many individuals have little or no desire for natural surroundings. Nature—except human nature—leaves them unmoved. Some have nonetheless been greatly creative.

Yet how many more human creators have felt just the other way! Poets of all times and places, most painters and sculptors, the majority of great writers, many abstract thinkers, the greatest scientists have avowed an intimate need of nature. In some of them the thirst for natural things, for the full sky, landscapes, trees, flowers, wild animals, the tang of the autumn wind, the tumbling seas and tranquil lakes, has been an obsession. They have truly fed upon nature in all its aspects. The implication is clear that severed from nature man's imagination and inquiring mind would diminish, perhaps wither utterly.

How long could a rashly multiplying mankind continue to find enough beauty? So far in history people seem to have derived beauty chiefly from two things—nature, primitive or cultivated, and the nature-inspired products of man's own mind and hands. Where would they seek it if a growing population should cover most of the earth with utilitarian devices—and desecrate the remainder in the process?

To be sure, modern expressionistic, abstract, and functional art claims to supply the thirsting soul with all that previous generations got from *natural* content, *natural* expression, and *natural* ornament. Architects not only justify their banal (not to say primitive) designs but glorify them on the theory that "function determines form" and that a successfully embodied "function" has a beauty of its own superior to the "illustrative" or "ornamental" designs of the past.

To what extent are these claims fulfilled? Opinions differ widely. Where the evidence is still inconclusive one can but express a personal conviction. I literally grew up in a generation of writers and artists frantically striving to free themselves from naturalistic form and conscious meaning. And I conclude that wherever and whenever man no longer has a full natural environment on which to feed his sense of beauty he will succumb to dreariness. Think of today's slums and slagheaps, garbage dumps, and polluted rivers. Consider our ruined landscapes, commercially exploited U.S. highways, all the monotonous Levittowns. How avoid the conclusion that too many people and

(*Continued on page 54*)

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SR's *Book of the Week:*

# "THE FOUNTAIN OVERFLOWS"

*Author: Rebecca West*

By JAMES GRAY

REBECCA WEST must have enjoyed greatly the experience of advancing herself to a unique position among writers. As critic and creator, reporter, analyst of scenes and cultures, tireless explorer of the "vagabond path" of the human spirit, she has encompassed with enormous vitality and sensitive appreciation every aspect of her craft. And now in her late middle years she turns again to the novel with superbly unimpaired zest to write of complicated matters of family life, revealing a wisdom that is tender and austere, a wit that is hilarious yet dignified, and a sense of drama that manages all at once to seem ingenious, strange, and true.

The novel of nostalgia is a familiar item of contemporary writing. One turns the pages as though the book were a family album. A first-person narrator introduces "my Mamma," "my Papa," "my sister Mary," "my cousin Rosamund," all wearing the revealing, restrictive, altogether odd costumes of forty or fifty years ago and caught in attitudes of interesting anguish. What Rebecca West adds to the formula in "The Fountain Overflows" (Viking, $5), her first novel in twenty years, is the ability to waken in a reader the sense that these are portraits of people who labored in vivid turmoil with their needs and intentions. Under the trappings of the period piece one is aware of delicately articulated human bodies moving with the massive muscularity of figures by Michelangelo. Under the weird hats minds are at work tracing out intricate patterns of purpose that are cruel, heroic, dedicated to martyrdom, and obsessed by trivialities all in the same beautiful, chaotic, unintelligible moment.

The narrator in this instance is a staunch, unsentimental little girl who combines persuasively the objectivity of a Rhadamanthine judge with the empathy of a subtle artist. The success of the characterization may be attributed to the fact that this interpretation of the past is enriched by the second thoughts of a now-mature woman of the world. But this is precisely the magic of the device. The judgments are the spontaneous, half-cunning, half-naive judgments of girlhood, while the overtone is that of an intellectual instrument mellowed by age and capable of the subtlest nuances.

The child, Rose, lives in a family of artists, good and bad, disciplined and eccentric, but all tumultuously articulate. Her mother, the embodiment of integrity both as artist and as woman, has turned back and forth throughout her life from the sternly passionate embrace of art to the feverish, yet uncertain, embrace of life. In the process she has dwindled from an accomplished pianist of the concert stage into a harried, shabby, but still purposeful creature edged into an uncomfortable corner of bohemia but hoping to help her gifted children to escape from it.

THE creator of her state of ecstatic anxiety is her husband, a brilliant journalist with the shrewd, intuitive vision of a Rousseau, but burdened, like Rousseau, by the emotional outlook of a perennial adolescent. Obsessed with the social improvement of the race he is blindly anti-social in his relationship to his own family. A powerful intellect acts in conjunction with an imperious will and a strange "love of debt and disgrace" to reduce his life to a shambles of quarrels, duns, and disappearances when the

# A Visit With Rebecca West

THE place is Ibstone House in Buckinghamshire. Henry Maxwell Andrews, an intelligent man and a distinguished banker, has brought me there to talk to his wife, who writes under the name of Rebecca West. On the way I have explained about the beauty of the Chiltern Hills (still leaved and shining though the day is dour); we have talked about his wife, her books, Suez, Hungary. When we arrive at Ibstone House I have scarcely time to admire the house, part of which dates from 1720, or the seven-and-a-half acres of garden that surround it. Much as I like Mr. Andrews, the house, the view, it is his wife I wish to see and talk to now, for I have just reread most of her books and am excited by reading her first novel in twenty years. He understands and, after a drink, lunch, and talk that is not small, leaves me to quiz her about her books, her plans, herself.

Rebecca West (Mrs. Andrews) is a vigorous, attractive woman of sixty-three. Her face is mobile, her brown eyes alert, her movements from chair to floor to chair quick, nervous, natural. There are questions I have prepared to ask her, but the movement from idea to idea is so fast that I get around to few of them. We talk about as near everything as a few hours permit and I leave stimulated, frustrated, delighted, wishing it were a book instead of a brief conversation I am to write.

Her books? Twenty of them, all of them quite different from each other. Critical studies of James, Lawrence, Bennett, St. Augustine, Sandburg, others. "Black Lamb and Gray Falcon," "The Meaning of Treason" (just revised and extended). Her collaborations with David Low (the best living cartoonist?), her sympathetic essay to accompany Picasso's 1954 drawings (those who inaccurately assume Miss West reactionary, note please). Best of all, I think, her fiction: each book too differently original to attract the very, very new critics. About soldiers returning from shell and childhood shock, suppressive mothers, oppressive husbands, men and women in quandaries engendered by obsession with wealth and/or power, a woman who is man's equal and almost forgets equality does not disallow difference. "The Fountain Overflows," a book-club choice (deservedly) in Great Britain and the United States. As I talk to Miss West it becomes increasingly clear that she agrees with Blake's preference for fountains that overflow, his dislike

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going gets rough. Neither a charlatan nor a scamp, he is still incapable of seeing the immediate responsibility, moving as he does through a misty apprehension of the great objectives of humanity. He is capable of using a case at law, in which a woman has been justly convicted of murder by the unscrupulous intervention of a nearly insane judge, to strike a great blow for civil liberty. (What he manages successfully to do is to blackmail a member of Parliament into backing a bill to create a Court of Appeal.) Yet he is at other times childishly inept, gambling away money for his family's support in a futile flirtation with the stock market. And in his relationships with his children he is by turns imaginatively tender and chillingly indifferent.

Around the central study of this duel between strange lovers Rebecca West has grouped many other interests having to do with a child's determination to cope with the exigencies of art, language, human relations, politics, fantasy, the supernatural, even crime. Brilliantly varied, the narrative itself moves with great urgency. The scene is crowded not merely with intellectuals but also with full-bodied low comedy characters presented with a gusto that Dickens would have envied knowing that he could not match its good-tempered restraint.

This perhaps is the book's chief triumph. It looks with a steady, unintimidated eye at the huge, humorous, disturbing spectacle of human experience. It implies throughout a wise and witty comment verbalized, as his final utterance, by the father when he says:

> Really it is wonderful how this simple mind has developed this device for protecting itself from despair. But more complicated minds do not enjoy such protection. Thought that is worth calling thought has no mercy on itself, that is the dreadful proof of quality.

One may mellow that judgment just a shade to say that the firm, uncompromising vigor of Rebecca West's thought, eluding the dreadful by association with the generous, is the proof of her quality.

# Four Cameos

***"Stories," by Jean Stafford, John Cheever, Daniel Fuchs, and William Maxwell*** *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 309 pp. $3.95), brings together fifteen pieces by four of the ablest present-day writers of short fiction for the first time in book form.*

By William Peden

"STORIES," the unassuming title of a newly published collection of fifteen recent stories (all but two of which were originally published in *The New Yorker*), is highly misleading. The adult reader will find here more intelligence, more entertainment, and more effective writing than he is likely to encounter in a baker's dozen of commercially successful, highly publicized novels published between now and Christmas. Each of these authors is a skilled craftsman; each is an intelligent observer of the American scene; each avoids alike the excesses of many more youthful authors and the profound pessimism or boozy optimism of some of our elder intellectuals.

Jean Stafford's success in depicting misfits, societal and otherwise, is extraordinary. "In the Zoo," her story of a melancholy childhood in Colorado highlighted by a memorable group of

---

of cisterns that merely contain. She doesn't like the too secure and too complacent, though usually she's voted for Labour and the "Welfare State"; she does like honorable failures or successes, be they Picasso, the Mamma, or the Piers of her new novel that is to become a trilogy, a lot of which is written in early draft.

To get to more mundane things, Miss West works hard and irregularly at her writing (except when she travels and then she can't). She gets up early or late, writes likewise. She stopped writing novels for twenty years because she thought there were more important things to be done and put on paper during the critical Thirties and the desperate Forties. Apart from her Yale lectures on the English novel, which she is now expanding and revising, her next project is to complete the trilogy "The Fountain Overflows" starts. In it Rosamund and Richard Quin will be the main characters. Their fountains will overflow as their involvement in a world where power too often corrupts and failure is most honorable increases.

Probably it will be some time before her trilogy is completed. Miss West rewrites as much as she writes. She never satisfies herself, however successful her books may be and they usually have been. She creates from life as lyingly as Joyce Cary in his "House of Children." Facts may be the basis but they are transformed, distilled, distorted esthetically. Her men and women, vividly differentiated, are still discernibly every man and every woman in the best, which is most, of her fiction. Though, like all good writers, her pride is miniscule and to write often seems a pleasant giving way to masochism, she does and will persist, she can and does stop when she knows that she has done her best.

As I drove homeward with Mr. Andrews, who talked with intelligent enthusiasm about his wife's books, again I thought about her as person and writer. She is gentle, tolerant, unsoft. She likes the good young and the good old: Ivy Compton-Burnett, Joyce Cary, James Hanley (undeservedly neglected, we agreed), J. D. Sallinger, P. H. Newby, Jean Cassou ("Le Livre de Lazare" is the best book I have read since World War II). She is not left or right, only intelligent and independent. She has been an innovator in technique in "The Meaning of Treason," in her *New Yorker* reports on racial prejudice in the United States, in "Black Lamb and Gray Falcon," but innovation always subserves what she has to say. An attractive woman, as writer she is androgynous. Her husband is right, as he partingly said, yes, all her books are disconcertingly different to lovers of small pigeon holes, in varying degrees they are all very good. She has the virtue of never repeating while still remaining complexly unified. As he ran to stop my bus to Oxford I had no time to concur, but I do, I do.

—HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER.

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eccentrics including an alcoholic and his vicious dog, well deserves the first prize it received in the O. Henry Awards for 1955. Even better, in this reader's opinion, is the less applauded "The Liberation," a moving study of small-town provincialism and a sensitive young woman's attempts to escape it. "Bad Characters" and "Maggie Meriwether's Rich Experience" seem, upon more than one rereading, slightly disappointing. One suspects that Miss Stafford's great technical skill and her extraordinary flair for character analysis tend at times to become ends in themselves, and this reader is occasionally unnerved by the palpable odor of formaldehyde, ether, and camphor which seeps through the interstices of these impeccably visualized studies in human absurdity.

It is particularly good to see John Cheever's "The Day the Pig Fell Into the Well" in hard covers. This recreation of the Nudd family possesses a variety of character and incident more customarily associated with the novel than with the short story. Around this "chronicle of small disaster" hovers a kind of Indian-summer warmth; like Galsworthy, Mr. Cheever observes the American equivalent of the English propertied class with both compassion and dislike, with affectionate irony. Equally excellent are "The Country Husband," which also won an O. Henry first prize; "The National Pastime," with its superb evocation of a fading past; and "The Bus to St. James," one of the author's most recent pieces, in which he returns impressively to the theme of so many of his previously collected stories, that of the corrosive effect of big-city mores and tensions upon the individual. It seems to this reviewer that there is no finer present-day American writer of short fiction than John Cheever.

The short stories of Daniel Fuchs and William Maxwell also emphasize various tensions among the "privileged" classes. Mr. Fuchs's "Man in the Middle of the Ocean" virtually catalogues many of the problems of much recent short fiction: the protagonist doesn't "particularly get along with his wife," the wife hates her mother-in-law, their child suffers from allergies seemingly induced by a sense of insecurity, their friends are corrupted from within and from without. Similarly, the mother in two of William Maxwell's stories leads a life of boredom and frustration, and eventually abandons her search for her "destiny"; another Maxwell character spends much of his time on an analyst's couch.

This collection of noteworthy sto-

(*Continued on page 52*)

**RUSSIA**

# Capote in Muscovy

***"The Muses Are Heard," by Truman Capote** (Random House. 182 pp. $3), is the young novelist's report on his observations in Moscow on a trip accompanying the American "Porgy and Bess" company. Horace Sutton, who reviews it here, was also a Moscow visitor about this time.*

By Horace Sutton

JUST about a year ago the American company of "Porgy and Bess," which had been touring the world for four years, convened in West Berlin preparatory to invading the Soviet Union, one of the few remaining strongholds that had not heard the Gershwin folk opera. Traveling with the troupe was a varied entourage that included Leonard Lyons, the Broadway columnist; Ira Wolfert, the novelist; Mrs. Ira Gershwin, wife of the lyricist; and Truman Capote, whose bad dreams had become successful as good fiction.

Capote has written what purports to be a factual account of the eight days from the departure of the company from Berlin to the première in Leningrad. It is, as the dust jacket indicates, his first attempt at reportage. The transition was an easy one, for all Mr. Capote had to do apparently was let his nails grow. His creation is a bitter, bitchy, biting account of the foibles of his companions aboard the show train to Russia and their performance in Leningrad.

Unfamiliar with the facts one might easily come away with the notion that a second-rate company was taken to Russia as the personal publicity stunt of Robert Breen, the director and producer, and that the result did little but perplex the Russians. Capote avers that the "Porgy" company invited itself when Breen wrote a letter to Premier Bulganin. The truth is that the trip began when Andrei Vishinsky saw the production in New York in 1953 and wrote Breen. As one who had seen the original Broadway production and the subsequent revival I found that Breen's edition, if it lacked the voices of the caliber of Todd Duncan and Ann Brown, compared favorably with what I had seen in Manhattan. Certainly the performance of the touring troupe which had carried our folklore so favorably to so many corners of the world was not the cause of the Russian perplexity. To Soviet citizens "Porgy" displayed a daring new art form drawing heavily on the esoteric customs of Carolina Negroes, performed in the patois of a strange language. Anyone who fought through the all but impenetrable crowds in front of the theatre in Moscow, who witnessed the warm personal exchanges between the Russian people and the American company, who watched the rapt attention and the emotion created by the performances could scarcely have doubted the success of "Porgy" in Russia.

—*Horace Sutton.*

Capote—". . . an awesome sight."

Capote is at his best describing his purely Russian experiences, and no reader is likely to forget the one-eyed drunk who impersonated Christ by hanging his head and letting beer seep out of his empty socket; of the addled Anglo-Pole accordionist who beseeched Capote with one of the ten English words he knew, "Help!" His descriptions are frequently vivid: a museum—"a splendid hall of green malachite like a corridor under the sea."

But one questions Mr. Capote's reportorial capabilities when the author wonders why he is being stared at and followed. After all, in his black pumps, his striped shirts with white cuffs, his bangs, and his long, flaming red scarf frequently worn babushka style he might well have been an awesome sight in New York. And, too, his reporting of his encounters with the Russians becomes additionally suspect when placed alongside the lurid, overdrawn, glib characterizations he has made of his American companions. At spotting a human foible in his fellow travelers Capote is quick as a cat. And when he turns his pen on them the mewlings are heard.

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# The Land of the Ruled

***"A Short History of Russia," by R. D. Charques*** *(Dutton. 270 pp. $3.95), is a one-volume survey by a Briton of Russian parentage. Maurice Hindus, our reviewer, is the author of "Mother Russia" and other books.*

By Maurice Hindus

THOUGH very brief, R. D. Charques's "A Short History of Russia" is in this reviewer's judgment the most readable and most illuminating one-volume treatment of the subject in either the English or the Russian language.

Mr. Charques propounds no theories of history and does a minimum of philosophizing. He does not even pretend to make an original contribution to this subject. Born in England of Russian parentage, he has skilfully extracted the essential facts from the writings of pre-Soviet Russian historians and from the vast literature on the Revolution, and has woven them into a chronological, authoritative, and masterful narrative. He tells his story largely in human terms.

A believer in the continuity of history, Mr. Charques, unlike certain Soviet historians, does not view the Bolshevik revolution as a break with Russia's past. It sprang out of the past, he holds, and the past has haunted and harried Kremlin rulers more than any of their predecessors. The Marxist doctrines and slogans in which they have couched their official pronouncements of policy have been a powerful leaven, but the dough has been "historic Russian dough." Only by knowing the past can we hope to understand the present.

Among the chief objective circumstances that have molded Russia's turbulent past are the geography of the country, Byzantinism which gave Russia the Greek Orthodox religion, and the Mongol subjugation which lasted for two and a half centuries.

Russia's geography, with its illimitable treeless steppes, its dense forests, its broad and slow-coursing rivers that do not flow into a truly open sea, hindered for a long time the establishment of a stable political order and erected natural barriers between Russia and the Western world. Byzantinism, though originally a humanizing influence, furthered Russia's cultural isolation from the West and introduced the doctrine of the sanctity of the State and the divine rights of the sovereign which neither noble nor peasant might question or could escape. The Mongol conquest sundered Russia completely from the West and set the mold of Asiatic absolutism and total and universal submission of the individual to the will and the whim of the supreme ruler.

In the portraits Mr. Charques draws of Russia's mightiest monarchs—Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, Catherine the Second, Nicholas I, and the three Alexanders—the evil and tragic heritage that geography, Byzantinism, and Mongol absolutism bequeathed to them is vividly and powerfully dramatized. The chapters on these monarchs are the most exciting in the book.

Russia's rulers, not excepting Catherine, who corresponded with Voltaire and who in the early years of her reign flirted with liberal ideas, were rarely motivated by humane impulses. The security of their throne, military necessity, and military aggrandizement governed their aims and their policies. All rule came from above, as it still does, and all stirrings below were suppressed with Mongol ferocity. If Alexander II, "the Czar-Liberator," emancipated the peasantry from serfdom, it was because as he himself in an address to the Moscow nobility had said, "It is better to abolish serfdom from above than wait until it begins to abolish itself from the bottom."

Soviet historians have invested Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great with a heroic grandeur and an idyllic halo. But Mr. Charques, never underestimating the positive contribution that either, and especially Peter, made to Russian history, strips them of all glamor and grandeur. In their private lives they were gross and voluptuous barbarians. Autocracy and serfdom, which Ivan legalized, were the pillars of their reign. Both, in their passion for territorial aggrandizement, were prodigious wasters of lives and wealth. Both, especially Peter, bled the peasantry white, and both contributed enormously toward the economic and moral degradation of the lowly and all-suffering muzhik.

A distinguishing feature of the book

*—Chicago Sun-Times.*

**"There'sh noshing like the ol' shtuff, Bulgy."**

is the attention the author devotes to the peasant, the most tragic and the most helpless figure in all Russian history. Tiller of the soil, out of which for centuries came the great wealth of the Czars and the high nobility, the human weapon in all Czarist wars of conquest, he was, morally and politically speaking, the forgotten man.

NO CZAR ever cared for his welfare or for the dignity of the peasant's person. The "enlightened" Catherine, whose name symbolizes the golden age of the Russian court and the nobility, was the worst offender. To her lovers—Charques gives the number as twenty—and to her other favorites she granted vast acreages of land and tens of thousands of serfs. She forced serfdom on the whole Ukraine, on the Don country, on the Northern Caucasus, territories which had been comparatively or completely free from it. "Never," writes Mr. Charques, "was the custom of flogging [the peasant] so widespread and so merciless." Neglected and brutalized, the peasant as soldier of Trotzky's Red Army became the chief instrument of the Soviet conquest of power.

It seems to this reviewer that the author in his well-balanced account of the Soviet regime overlooks the importance of the educational opportunities that it has brought to the peasantry. Most of the famed marshals of the Soviet Army, including Konev and Zhukov, are of peasant origin. In fact, the vast majority of the generals who fought and won the Second World War for Russia came from the peasantry. All the professions in Russia are crowded with men and women from the village. Who can foretell the pressures this educated peasantry is destined, in the years to come, to exert on the totalitarian Soviet regime?

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# GBS: A Final Definition

***"George Bernard Shaw: Man of the Century," by Archibald Henderson*** *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 1,002 pp. $12), is a full-dress life by GBS's "official biographer."*

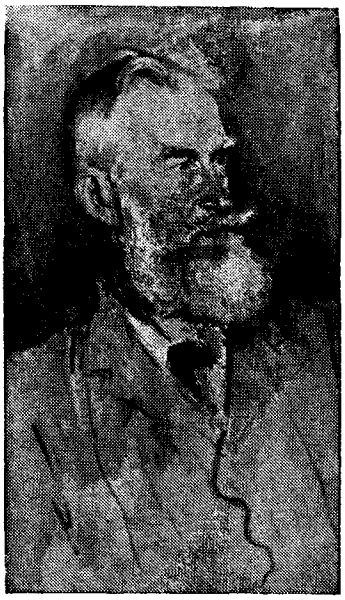
By Joseph Wood Krutch

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, for many years professor of mathematics at the University of North Carolina, first heard of Bernard Shaw in 1903. A year later he wrote him proposing a "Life" and Shaw agreed, soon promising that no one else should ever be recognized as an authorized biographer. He called Henderson "a desperate character" for undertaking the job, advised that only Boswell, Lockhart, and Plutarch would be adequate models, and was soon flooding him with documents, advice, and Olympian reproofs.

The life of no man who lives as long and as busily as Shaw can stay written, but both men were faithful to their undertakings and this is Henderson's third go at a "definitive" book. The first was published in 1911, the second in 1932, and, finally it may be presumed, the present work was nearly completed when the subject died. I like the subtitle of the second, "Playboy and Prophet," better than "Man of the Century" because Shaw was more indubitably both playboy and prophet than he was, in any absolute sense, what the latest subtitle claims for him. But the new work, a thousand pages long, embodies pretty much everything valuable in the earlier version and comes about as near to "covering" Shaw's various careers as any book is likely ever to do. Though Henderson has simultaneously concerned himself with other matters, he seems to have devoted at least as much of his time and energy to this particular job as Boswell did to the life of Johnson.

From the beginning Shaw hammered his insistence that he should not be treated as merely a man of letters, that his Fabian activities, his pamphleteering, and his services on the Borough Council were all as important as literary work and were indispensable to an understanding of the plays. So far as the first part of this statement is concerned he was certainly wrong since it is the plays which will be remembered. But the biographer, being first of all a biographer not an evaluator, was no doubt right to yield to the insistence—as he does to the extent of postponing until page 393 the first consideration of either plays or the theatre. From then on such subjects inevitably figure largely but by no means exclusively. There are, for instance, portraits of the Webbs with some forty pages of hitherto unpublished correspondence with Sidney; a long account of Shaw's visit to Soviet Russia; a chapter on "Faiths, Fads, and Vagaries"; much background material related to Shaw's multiple interests, etc., etc. Henderson must have indeed been a desperate character to get himself so involved, but he seems to have shirked nothing.

It is also notably true that for all his firm conviction that Shaw was a very great man he faces unpleasant facts and does not attempt to explain away what cannot be so disposed of—notably Shaw's flirtations with Hitler and Mussolini and his shocking all-out approval of the Soviet tyranny. None of the things which explain his other vagaries will explain this. It was not his irresistible impulse to joke; it was not a mere pleasure in administering the stimulating shock; and it was not just a useful exaggeration for home consumption. Such pronouncements as that Stalin and Roosevelt were, in that order, the two greatest living statesmen, that if he were younger he would want to spend the rest of his life in Russia, and his airy brushing aside of every brutality as politically necessary, are desperately hard to forgive. Mr. Henderson acutely points out that all this is part of the general drift of the " 'new civilization' dreamers away from . . . 'the dignity of man' as a foundation stone." But he does not attempt to explain how Shaw, instinctively a generous, kindly, and even chicken-hearted man, could have succumbed so completely. Perhaps we can say only that he is one of a good many examples of the power of a commitment to false logic to harden the heart. That is one of the themes of "Saint Joan," in which a monk approves the logic of the Inquisition until he has actually seen one woman burned. It seems a pity that Shaw was never similarly confronted with a single concrete instance of tyranny torturing some one individual.



*—From the book jacket.*

GBS, by Augustus John.

MR. HENDERSON analyzes all the plays clearly and intelligibly though his contribution here is not, I think, comparable in importance to the historical and biographical account of a man and his times. Nevertheless, so it seems to me, he is very sound in stressing the primary importance of the "metabiological" theme as opposed to the political, social, and specifically Marxian themes. This contrasting theme enters with "Man and Superman" and gets its fullest development in "Back to Methusaleh," which Mr. Henderson appears, perhaps rightly, to consider Shaw's masterpiece and thus to be over even "Saint Joan." That Shaw never really harmonized the two themes is obvious, and the fact that he didn't is perhaps the greatest single failure of his intellectual effort.

Mr. Henderson's book is not, and for its function should not be, a "brilliant" book. There is not so far as I can remember one single paradox in the whole thousand pages. If you want brilliant criticism you can get it almost dazzlingly in Chesterton's book published many years ago. St. John Irvine's new biography is by a man who, as professional playwright, has things to say as well as a perspective which is somewhat different from Mr. Henderson's. But the present book is likely to remain indispensable to anyone who wants, in an amazingly complete form, an account of the significant things which Shaw said and did and of the background against which they were said and done.

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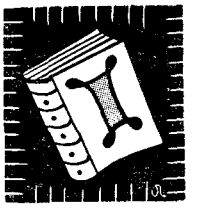


# The Philosopher as Critic

***"Essays in Literary Criticism," by George Santayana, edited by Irving Singer*** *(Scribner. 414 pp. $7.50), is a selection from the works of the philosopher, critic, poet, and novelist who died at Rome in 1952. Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton reviews it.*

By Carlos Baker

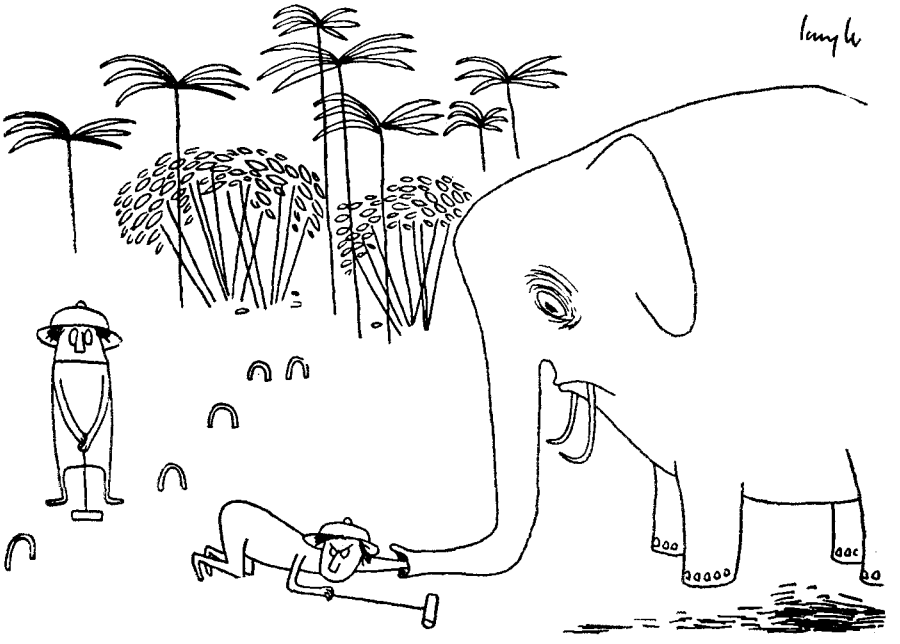
GEORGE SANTAYANA's production as a writer was at once so voluminous and various and so stylistically satisfying that he has been a natural mine for critical anthologists. In 1920 the late Logan Pearsall Smith extracted from the mother-lode a whole series of "little essays" on a great variety of topics. In 1936 the late Irwin Edman issued a one-volume anthology designed to embody the essence of Santayana's philosophic teaching. But neither Smith nor Edman was centrally interested in the area covered by Irving Singer's volume "Essays in Literary Criticism." This new anthology is immensely welcome for two reasons: it reminds us of what we had perhaps forgotten, which is that Santayana was not only brilliant but often brilliantly right as literary critic and practical esthetician. And it rescues from the limbo of the half-known, the unknown, or the forgotten an eminently useful body of critical perceptions and esthetic judgments.

Mr. Singer divides his book into three parts. The first reprints a very slightly shortened version of "Three Philosophical Poets" (1910), the memorable study of Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe as representative synthesizers of the epochs (Roman, Medieval, and Romantic) to which they belong. Part second, much more of a gallimaufry, offers fifteen critical essays on writers as diverse as Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe, Leopardi, Shelley, Dickens, Browning, Emerson, Whitman, and Proust, as well as the anonymous author of the so-called Homeric Hymns. The final section, drawn from such volumes as "Reason in Art" and "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion," contains seven essays on generic topics like literary form, literary psychology, the elements and function of poetry, and the meaning of mythology. They are notable for displaying more coherent ideas per square inch than can be located in an average acre of contemporary criticism.

It has been said that if an angel were ever to adopt the materialist philosophy he would probably expound it, after some practice, in the manner of Santayana. Certainly no avowed Aristotelian ever wrote before with such Platonic grace, nor have there been more than a handful of the good life's expositors who brought to the task so dense and various a background of humanistic culture or so strong a classical leaning and learning. These powers and possessions, as well as an inimitable capacity for expressing warm feeling with cool candor, give these essays a quality at once urbane, cosmopolitan, exploratory, and objective, which is all too rare in an age given to the crass utterances of critical hatchetmen who may sometimes remind us of Eskimos hacking out bloody chunks of blubber from the sides of a leviathan.

SANTAYANA has the gift of mordant wit and gnomic summary; he can crystallize an idea memorably and instantly, like a bee in amber. For example, take this conception of the philosophy behind Goethe's "Faust." "He who strives strays, yet in that straying finds his salvation." Or this: "Our religion is the poetry in which we believe." Or this: "Poetry cannot be spread upon things like butter; it must play upon them like light and be the medium through which we see them." We see Emerson compared to a "young god making experiments in creation," Proust called "a tireless husbandman of memory" who gathers more poppies than corn, Whitman described as an exponent of "the innocent style of Adam, when the animals filed by him one by one and he called each of them by its name." There are apothegms like "oaths are the fossils of piety" and paradoxes such as "nothing was more romantic in Goethe than his classicism."

If this were all of course we might tire of Santayanan coruscations and yearn for order and sequence. But he displays likewise what so many epigrammatists lack—Oscar Wilde, say—and that is what he gains from his philosophic training, namely the capacity for sustained and rigorous thinking-through from a legitimate assumption to a bulwarked and assimilable conclusion. One may not always agree with either his assumptions or his conclusions. Yet he achieves, in any case, a healthy exacerbation of our sensibilities in such wise that when we take stock and marshal arguments against his position we stretch our powers to good purpose. One test of his worth is how often, reading his essays, you think of Yeats's Byzantium, for his gold and enamel are far more than skin-deep; he can discern what seldom was thought and give it so rightly exact a formulation that it stands as a newly created thing a monument of unaging intellect, not without flaws.



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of course, but of a certain memorable magnitude.

The editor, whose critical study of Santayana's esthetics is soon to be published, contributes a good firm introduction in which he examines the body of Santayana's criticism as essentially an exercise in the harmonization of opposed principles. Yet for this reviewer the worth of this criticism lies not so much in the method it employs as in the results it achieves. Santayana himself once defined living criticism as "the interest we draw from year to year on the unrecoverable capital of human genius." His banking metaphor, though odd, seems just. For his own criticism amply repays our investment of time and thought with a higher-than-average rate of interest. A whole essay might indeed be written on the concept of the dividend in literary criticism.

**BRAVE NEW CRITICISM:** Literary critics sometimes invent tags for movements or tendencies which they discern. There is great safety, of course, in surveying a past period which has taken on clearer outlines. But now a brave new critic appears in the young Italian Giorgio Melchiori, whose collection of nine essays called **"The Tightrope Walkers"** (Macmillan, $5) attempts to find some unifying idea for English literature of the first half of this century. His introduction states his thesis: that English writers expressed a phase of Mannerism in which their unsettled beliefs led them to as precarious a balance as tightrope walkers. Hence his label of "Funambulism." His epilogue to the collection deals with the present decade, where he sees that writers have stepped off the tightrope to achieve a more stable position in the Baroque tradition. In the course of his essays—for which he uses T. S. Eliot as a pivotal point—he discusses the unexpected resemblances between Henry James and G. M. Hopkins, the traditional and revolutionary elements of Joyce's "Ulysses," Christopher Fry's verse dramas, the poetry and plays of Auden and of Dylan Thomas, and the experimental technique of Henry Green's novels.

Like so many label innovators, he sometimes stultifies his analyses with arid categories. And since these essays appeared separately they do not clearly focus his main thesis. Except for these important shortcomings his lucid essays are valuable additions to the enormous body of contemporary criticism. It seems doubtful, however, that Funambulism will find a place in literary history.

—Robert Halsband.

# THESE BOOKS HAVE MADE NEWS

**THE LITERARY QUICK:** This season, for perhaps the first time in American publishing history, three books on the best-seller lists are the work of one man. The books: Patrick Dennis's gilded story of an eccentric bohemian entitled "Auntie Mame" (which has also recently become a Broadway hit play starring Rosalind Russell), Barbara Hooton's anecdotal story of a dude ranch entitled "Guestward Ho!" and Virginia Rowans's very modern novel of exurbanite marital troubles entitled "The Loving Couple." For Patrick Dennis's and Virginia Rowans's and Barbara Hooton's collaborator is all one and the same person, namely Edward Everett Tanner III, a bearded, blue-eyed, gently sarcastic New Yorker whose picture is shown above. Not long ago Mr. Tanner was just another (albeit somewhat colorful) advertising manager of one or another New York publishing company and a ghost-writer of light books of reminiscence for other people. (As Miss Rowans he had also written two undistinguished novels.) Then Mr. Tanner decided to switch names. As Patrick Dennis he wrote "Auntie Mame" and shipped it off to Thomas Y. Crowell Co., publisher of his previous books. Crowell turned it down. In fact, fifteen publishers turned the book down before it was accepted and published by Vanguard Press. "Auntie Mame" might have died as quietly as Mr. Tanner's earlier books if it had not been read by George Hecht, manager of the Doubleday Book Shops. Mr. Hecht not only liked "Auntie Mame" but liked it so well that he got in touch with James Murphey, sales manager of Vanguard, and suggested that an advertisement be run promising that the Doubleday shops would give two books in return for one to anyone who read "Auntie Mame" and didn't like it. To this stunt Mr. Murphey added some advertising gimmicks of his own, including matchbooks whose covers inquired, "Have You Read 'Auntie Mame'?" As a result of this promotion—and the satisfaction the book gave its readers—Mr. Dennis-Rowans-Tanner's little opus caught on phenomenally. To date 200,000 copies of "Auntie Mame" have been sold. So have 50,000 copies of "Guestward Ho!" and 40,000 copies of "The Loving Couple," which was published only last September. All of which should make any author very happy. But, says Edward Everett Tanner III: "I'd really like to change my name again and just go back to work." One of his reasons for such a drastic desire: The readers of his books, recognizing his long-practised talent for making the most of fictional reminiscences, have plagued him with requests to help them write the story of their lives, dressed up, of course.

**THE CINEMATIC DEAD:** Two months ago *SR* pictured on its cover an enigmatic young actor named James Dean whose memory, as fondly romanticized by thousands of American adolescents, was rapidly growing into a somewhat morbid legend. That memory has now been enshrined between book covers in a biography called "James Dean," by William Bast (Ballantine, $2.75; paperbound, 35¢). Mr. Bast met Dean when they were both students of UCLA, and after Jimmy decided they "sort of complemented each other" they were roommates in Los Angeles and New York. Mr. Bast does not write badly, as befits a twenty-five-year-old aspiring TV writer and novelist. Teen-agers will be grateful for the intimate facts it offers about their idol; readers of more mature years may find in it answers to the conundrum of the generation for which he has become a symbol.

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AMERICANA

# Life in Booger Hollow

***"It's a Big Country," by Ben Lucien Burman*** *(Reynal. 278 pp. $4), is an unconventional reporter's account of American life as it is lived off the main-traveled roads.*

By John T. Winterich

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN knows how to travel. No six-lane jobs for him. He journeys purposefully, he has destinations, but he does not set his course for the conventional objectives of the touring sections of the Sunday papers. He has an affinity for waterways rather than for watering places, for natives rather than for fellow travelers.

Consider the areas with which he concerns himself in his fine new contribution to living Americana, "It's a Big Country: America Off the Highways." He scrapes up the Missouri aboard a towboat, discovering at first hand the truth of the verdict that this heartstream of the plains is "too thin to cultivate, too thick to navigate." He explores the Arkansas Ozarks, including, among other communities, the settlements of Little Red, Possum Trot, and Booger Hollow. He watches the dispensing of justice by Judge Honey in the Kentucky Cumberlands. He sails the Gulf Intercoastal Canal (whose tonnage exceeds Panama's) from the Mississippi to Texas. He tours the Louisiana marshes and learns that the nutria really sticks his head in the ground with a view to total concealment exactly as the ostrich is supposed to do but doesn't. He investigates the Brush Country, alias the Strong Grass Country, of Texas and discovers a seventy-year-old vaquero still in the saddle. He rides a swamp buggy through the Everglades and gains a high respect for the Seminoles. He cruises with the shrimp fleet off Key West and hears his skipper lament the days that were: "You'd shrimp six months, and oyster three months, and the other three months you'd go bootlegging." He walked the sands of Hatteras, "the weather factory, Hurricane Junction, the Graveyard of the Atlantic, where the remains of almost 2,300 ships lay rotting beneath the foamy water."

This is rich fare, richly presented, and authentically too, for Mr. Burman has a nice ear for the nuances of regional idiom and for the strains of regional song, as when, in the Cajun country, he heard a trapper-accordionist intoning "The Mosquitoes":

> The mosquitoes have eaten up
> my sweetheart
> But they left her two big toes to
> stop up my two wine jugs.

"Folkways" is too stylish a word for the sort of trifles that Mr. Burman snaps up. It would be closer to the point, perhaps, to call him a sifter of relevant ana and anecdotage, if one (as here one should) divorce that activity from the customary association of quaintness and "characters." When Mr. Burman steps into one of his new worlds (new to him and to us) he has a pleasant way of blending into the landscape or waterscape, instead of playing the ostensible reporter who strips the local color from the neighborhood gaffer.

Mr. Burman's "Blow for a Landing" was published in Germany in 1938, and after the war it was the first book which the Allied command licensed for republication at the beginning of the occupation era. "It's a Big Country" should prove equally revealing to other countries which may still regard America as a two-television-sets-in-every-living-room nation. It is recommended with no less assurance to America's own citizenry.

There are typically apposite drawings by Alice Caddy and a good selection of photographs.

—From "It's a Big Country."

". . . rich fare, richly presented."

# Nursery, 1956

By Elizabeth Enright

ONCE bombs of shout were emptied down the stair;
Toy death once whistled from an Indian bow.
Pretended fire tore the pretended night,
And danger sweetened all the nursery air . . .
How still that country lies today; its bright
Brave battlegrounds robbed of their wars; for now
The sky unfolds its meadowlands of light,
Its fields of light.

No seas shall call to us but seas of Space,
No ships shall carry us but ships of flight.
Bolder than bees we'll breach the sky and sail
A course beyond the moon's pale damaged face,
To spin with Saturn spinning in his wheel,
Touch Mars, a rose of worlds, afloat on night,
And Venus masquerading in her veil,
Her smoking veil.

Where is the grateful king, the king of gold,
Who shared his fortune with a miller's son?
Where are the golden princess and the prince?
Today the millers' sons shall all behold
A stranger realm and take a stranger chance;
And for their sovereigns they shall have the Sun
And his nine children in their filial dance,
Their endless dance.

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# Indestructible Town

***"The Centuries of Santa Fe," by Paul Horgan*** *(Dutton. 363 pp. $5), is a literary man's presentation of ten episodes in the history of a picturesque American city. Professor Walter Prescott Webb of Texas University, author of "The Great Plains," reviews it here.*

By Walter Prescott Webb

THE first obligation of a reviewer is to understand exactly what the author of the book set out to do. The author, fully aware of this obligation of the reviewer and also this need of the reader, should take great pains to make his purpose clear and to explain the special devices he has used in executing his plan.

Paul Horgan is one of an increasing group of fiction writers and artists who are drifting into the field of history, bringing with them a good deal of their literary baggage, such as a more gracious style, a freer use of imagination and license, and a complete neglect of citation to sources used, even direct quotations. This effort to combine the gold of literature with the silver of history is hazardous and may result in something that conveys the impression of costume jewelry.

Sante Fe is an ancient American city set on a high plain in a desert. It has been there since 1610, combining Indian, Spanish, Mexican, and Anglo-American cultures into patterns as varied and colorful as the lands around it. The idea of telling the story of Santa Fe did not originate with the author, but with the publisher's editor. Having accepted the assignment the author had to determine his plan and treatment. Here is what he came up with in "The Centuries of Santa Fe."

In the course of the centuries Santa Fe has experienced many crises. Since the whole story could not be told, it would be confined to these episodes in order of occurrence. For each episode topic the author creates a character who is the observer of and participant in the business at hand. The reader is supposed to view the incident over the shoulder of this protagonist. Each protagonist is anonymous. Hence this is history as seen by ten nameless people, eight men and two women. Here is a literary device often used in biography and occasionally in history, as in A. B. Hulbert's synthetic diary "The Forty-Niners."

The author does explain his device in the preface, but he does it so casually that the reader is likely to miss it, and if he misses it he is lost. I missed it the first time over. I found a chapter, "The German Bride: 1870," that looked attractive. The first sentence lured me on, because one—even a reviewer—can be very curious about a bride, especially such an attractive one as emerged from the pages. I wanted to know her name, and about the diary or the letters from which the author had sketched her. I never found her name. All I found was feminine pronouns or the German bride. I was not only lost, but I was disappointed. It was on the jacket that I found the clue to the author's plan, but jackets are transient records.

Having mastered the author's purpose and become aware of his device I read with pleasure the five sketches of Santa Fe under Spain, the one under Mexico, the four under the United States, and the final one, "The Survivals," on Santa Fe of today. The last two chapters deal with observations of the author since his arrival in New Mexico in 1915. The total impression one gets from the book is that Santa Fe has been the victim of invaders from 1610 to the present. It has withstood them all and preserved its own character as has the desert around it. It has until now survived the atomic scientists and the Santa Fe School of Art.

**LINCOLN IN THE JOURNALS:** A Lincoln biography with a novel twist is **"Lincoln As They Saw Him"** (Rinehart, $6), which presents our sixteenth President as he appeared to newspaper and periodical writers of his day. Lincoln ranks with Franklin D. Roosevelt as an object of scorn and praise from the contemporary press, and it is interesting to make mental comparisons between the journalism of a hundred years ago and the brand practised in the 1930s. The similarities cannot be comforting to those who think we have grown in journalistic urbanity.

*—From "Lincoln As They Saw Him."*

**"Lincoln ranks with FDR as an object of scorn and praise."**

One reads the material assembled by Herbert Mitgang, himself a newspaperman, with increasing fascination, not alone for the light it sheds on journalism but more for the very human picture of Lincoln that emerges. Mr. Mitgang follows Lincoln from his entry into politics in 1832 to his death, with about half of the book devoted to the years before 1861.

Sharply contrasting accounts of the Lincoln-Douglas debates by friends and enemies show how Lincoln, even in defeat for the U.S. Senatorship, became projected as a national figure. One story reported that Douglas's "Excoriation of Lincoln was so severe that the Republicans hung their heads in shame." Another said, "This has been a great day for Lincoln and a glorious one for the Republican cause." Pro or con, the reports centered their attention on Lincoln.

Reportage of Lincoln in the war years was just as divided, with even such nominal friends as Horace Greeley sometimes joining the dissent. With but few exceptions did Lincoln have what might be called a sympathetic press, save in death.

The picture of Lincoln that comes through from these reports and editorials is a deeply human one. He emerges as a man of principle and morality shot through with compassion. Even his adversaries were not able completely to obscure his monumental character.

Mr. Mitgang deserves a "well done" for his burrowing into the archives. Naturally he does not include everything, but there are at least two curious omissions—the editorial booming Lincoln for the Presidency from *The Central Illinois Gazette* of 1859 and commentary on Lincoln's war policy by Karl Marx. This latter would have tended to balance the stringency with which Lincoln was viewed by foreign observers.

—Alden Whitman.

**PARTICIPANTS' CIVIL WAR:** One of the great classics of Civil War literature is the four-volume **"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War."** A collection of magazine articles written for the most part by men who fought on both sides, the volumes, embellished with illustrations and maps, were published in the 1880s. Lee, who had died in 1870,

(*Continued on page* 51)

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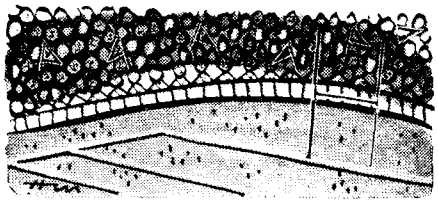
SPORTS



# Books for the Armchair Athlete

By AL SILVERMAN

LEAVE it to Robert Benchley to help solve the dilemma of what to give the sports enthusiast for Christmas. In the handsomely illustrated book **"Yesterday in Sports,"** edited by John Durant (Barnes, $3.75) and glued together firmly from pieces that appeared in *Sports Illustrated,* there is a chapter on Bob Benchley written by his son, Nathaniel.

"One day," Nathaniel Benchley recalled, "he bought a rowing machine, but he put it under his bed the day it was delivered and never took it out again. He also rented a sun lamp (and eventually paid more than the purchase price in rent), and with the rowing machine and the sun lamp and his couch he settled down to a healthy urban existence. He referred to his couch as 'the track' and before hurling himself down for a nap would say, 'I guess I'll take a couple of turns around the track,' which gave a slightly sporty air to the proceedings.

"He became, in short, a full-fledged spectator sportsman, and remarked that jai alai was his most strenuous game, because of the steepness of the Hippodrome stairs."

There is, of course, no need to buy your sportsman friend a rowing machine or a sun lamp or tell him to take a lap or two around his divan. We are, most of us these days, pretty solidly grounded to the couch—either to watch a ball game, a fight, or the gymnastics of an Elvis Presley—without having to contend with the guilt complexes that riddled Bob Benchley in his time, when there was no such ready-made alibi as television. Neither, come to think of it, were there as many sports books around to further justify a horizontal outlook on life.

Today, though, our culture is lousy with sports tomes. Benchley might have been a little bit put out because no books on jai alai have been published of late—a lamentable oversight that is certain to be corrected in the near future—but otherwise there seems to be something for just about everyone. So if you have a friend or loved one with (1) a sporting inclination and (2) a couch, then a book on his favorite athletic pastime might be just the thing for him this Christmas of 1956.

Baseball and football being among our most popular national pastimes it is altogether fitting and proper that the *big* books of the year should lie in these two categories. They would be **"The Fireside Book of Baseball,"** edited by Charles Einstein (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), and **"The History of American Football,"** by Allison Danzig (Prentice-Hall, $12.50).

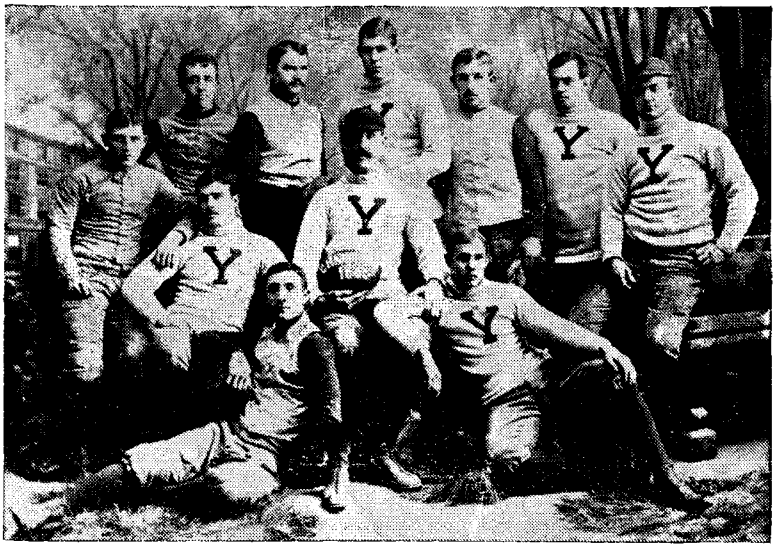
The Einstein book is quite possibly the most memorable collection of miscellaneous baseball tales ever put between covers. Every baseball player of prominence who ever played the game is included in the anthology in some way or other, and their equally famous reportorial counterparts (including Heywood Broun, Jimmy Cannon, Bob Considine, Paul Gallico, John Lardner, Damon Runyon, and Red Smith) do the chronicling. In addition Einstein has also included personalities whose main interest doesn't happen to be baseball but who love the game anyway: among them Nelson Algren, H. L. Mencken, Thomas Wolfe, James Thurber, and Tallulah Bankhead (whose ode to the New York Giants, we are sorry to say, is a distinct lightweight among giants).

Faced with an even more imposing task than Charlie Einstein (who merely edited the book) Allison Danzig of *The New York Times* has accomplished a small miracle. Here, in over 500 outsized but compact pages, is what certainly must be classified as the definitive work on American football, at least the college end of it. (The title of the book is somewhat misleading in this respect because Danzig has very little to say about pro football.) His coverage is all-encompassing, especially in the second part of the book, which deals with the year-by-year highlights of the college football season, with the accent, of course, on the more successful teams.

There are a couple of other recent baseball offerings that deserve mention. One, **"The Best of Baseball,"** edited by Sidney Offit (Putnam, $2.95), had the misfortune to be published at the same time as **"The** Fireside Book of Baseball." **It is** to the Einstein book **as Dean Martin** is (or was) to Jerry Lewis. All the same the pieces, taken from the pages of *Baseball* magazine, have their value to the baseball connoisseur if not the casual fan. **"The Tiger Wore Spikes,"** by John McCallum (Barnes, $3.95), tells the Ty Cobb story once more, which is a saga that can always bear retelling. The book is filled with he-can-do-no-wrongisms and an adulatory tone that is fairly heavy (*i.e.*, "His record is certain to ring down through the ages —not written in sand, but carved in rock") but it is a complete up-to-date picture of one of baseball's genuine immortals.

Second only to baseball these days

(*Continued on page* 53)



—*From "The History of American Football."*

**"The 'iron-men' Yale team of 1888."**

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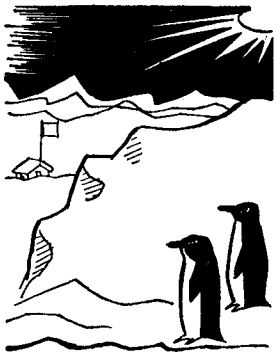
# THE LIVES SOME WOMEN LEAD

*Five Writers Prove That The More Harrassed Your Existence, The More Fascinating Your Book*



**LADY IN THE ANTARCTIC:** As a reluctant explorer Jennie Darlington came to the conclusion that the Antarctic, "land of ghosts and white darkness," is strictly for the penguins and definitely not for women. In **"My Antarctic Honeymoon"** (Doubleday, $3.95) Mrs. Darlington and her collaborator, Jane McIlvaine, recount the story of her year at the bottom of the world as one of two women accompanying their husbands and twenty-two other men on a 1947 Antarctic expedition. Jennie's unconventional husband, Harry, and his inseparable companion, the husky Chinook known as "a dog version of Harry," were the only reminders to Jennie of the comfortable civilizations of New York and Florida. From the start the expedition was plagued by misadventures—financial trouble, a crashed remodeled plane, and fatal distemper that destroyed half of the much-needed husky dog teams. When the ship *Beaumont* finally was anchored in its sea of glacial ice and the task of setting up living quarters in the old bunkhouse left by a previous Byrd expedition proved formidable, the dissension that had been building up among the men created further difficulties. "Instead of scenery and science it was peanut butter and feuds. Tension and turmoil were to take precedence over pioneering and mapping, headlines over geographical facts. Caught up in the closeness and friction of expeditionary life, most of us did not have the experience to adjust to it." During the confining long winter, marked by blizzards, Jennie found living in a man's bunkhouse world an education in ethics and human relations, although she tried her best to keep in the background of the divided camp. Danger and excitement were always present and there were hair-raising rescues of a man caught hundreds of feet down in a narrow freezing crevasse and three flyers marooned amid the icebergs; but the original scientific purposes of the expedition were never carried out successfully. Though the narrative occasionally bogs down with superfluous Antarctic detail, it remains a unique document, written with exceptional frankness and such descriptive persuasion that the reader seems to share the lonely and chilly experiences of the author. —DOROTHY MANDEL.

**LADY IN THE NORTH WOODS:** If ever two people succeeded in actually getting away from it all Jim and Laurette Stanton did it by living with **"Grizzlies in Their Back Yard"** (Messner, $3.95). Beth Day, author of "The Little Professor of Piney Woods," tells their story for them in uninhibited and entertaining fashion. In 1919 the young married couple, both orphans with no family ties, left a successful garage business in Seattle to settle deep in the mountainous forests of the Great North Woods of British Columbia. Quartered in an abandoned one-room logger's cabin they dined on fish, duck, and deer until the arrival of the steamer with their provisions for the long snowbound winter ahead. When the fur market dropped two years running Jim was frustrated in his attempt to eke out a livelihood by trapping minks and martens; in desperation he turned to hand-logging the great cedar trees measuring three to six feet across—dangerous work requiring high skill. When Laurette and Jim finally built a home of their own they put suburbanites' do-it-yourself efforts to shame by cutting down the outside logs of cedar and lugging tons of sand and some fifteen tons of rock to make a beautiful fireplace. As his reputation as a woodsman and riverboat man grew Jim came into demand as a hunting guide for wealthy sportsmen. In 1947 he became game and fire warden for the vast area, endowed with legal authority to enforce conservation of both the animals and the trees of the forest. While Jim concentrated on studying the ways of the huge grizzly bear—some scaling 600 pounds with fourteen-inch foot tracks—and the last big game on the North American continent, Laurette took loving care of the many pets and wild animals that visited her lonely cabin. Now in their seventies, the Stantons still live without benefit of electricity, plumbing, or direct contact with the outside world. —D. M.

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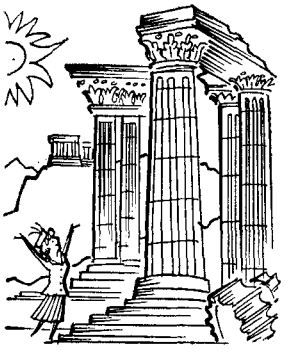
**LADY ON A JAUNT:** Indefatigable traveler, lecturer, and author Emily Kimbrough gallivants again in **"Water, Water Everywhere"** (Harper, $3.75), this time through the Old World—Greece, Yugoslavia, England—and accompanied by the same intrepid trio of girl friends who went "So Near and Yet So Far" with her. With an education in Greek literature and language and memories of her mother's bedside stories of the Iliad, Emily was overcome at the sight of the Straits of Messina—the entrance to the world of Odysseus—and patted the columns of the Acropolis with familiarity. "Seeing Greece requires a stout heart, strong ankles, sound lungs, and a steady head," but Emily found the scenic rewards abundant and the Greek people warm, hospitable, and thoughtful to an exceptional degree. Greek air and light in Athens, the "lavender city," had a translucent quality to it seen nowhere else, and ambrosial repasts at open-air tavernas were among the dividends of the trip. Many small villages were visited, some reached only by riding donkeys up steep mountain roads, and the gals climbed shaky rope ladders up and down various-sized boats taking them to the islands of the Aegean Sea. Among their inevitable minor mishaps was the time Emily was detained at the customs house in Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia because her traveling Scrabble set was taken for an international spy code set. In England the friends enjoyed a stay at Mme. Pandit's cosmopolitan London household and a tour of Britain's historic houses. Emily's Odyssey ends with what must have been a truly delightful and really different journey—a week's cruise up the Thames River in a chartered motorboat with efficient Sophy at the helm. Too often Miss Kimbrough swamps her basically diverting travelogue with inconsequential feminine details, but she is bailed out by Mircea Vasiliu's illustrations, which are particularly apt and charming. —D. M.



**LADY IN A NATIONAL PARK:** The housekeeping problems of the average young bride are nothing compared to those Margaret Merrill tells about in **"Bears in My Kitchen"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.95). From her handsome U. S. Forest Ranger husband she learned to expect the "strange and unexpected, as well as dramatic and sometimes hilarious." There was, for example, the time the park service engineers were baffled by a request for a portable comfort station for Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who was planning a trip through Yosemite. There were the months when the star boarder at the ranger cabin at Olympic National Park was Jiggs, an unpredictable baby deer which became the most photographed and petted animal in the country. There was the terrifying experience of watching through binoculars as her husband dangled at the end of a rope, trying to rescue two trapped climbers on the smooth granite mountain side of Half Dome. Miss Merrill's description of a raging forest fire and the almost superhuman effort required to fight it is not easy to forget. Life had its compensations, though, as the Merrills rotated park locations, moving from California to Nevada and back to the State of Washington. "If you enjoy meeting people, from important foreign potentates to Sam Spindelshank of Singletree, Iowa; if you are fascinated by deep canyons and towering mountains, by still blue lakes, rushing streams, and tumbling waterfalls; if you like woods animals, bright sunshine, and unadulterated adventure; if the earthy smells of the cool, green forest cause your blood to run fast—and if you are not averse to the evolutions of exacting labor—then you never will become bored with the life of a ranger." A refreshing account of a happy twenty-five-year marriage to an unusual occupation and husband.

—D. M.

**LADY IN A MATRIMONIAL JAM:** Recently André Maurois became intrigued by the fact that certain American colleges have professors of "matrimonial relations." A prolific author rarely becomes intrigued without putting pen to paper, and the result of M. Maurois's titillation became **"The Art of Being Happily Married"** (translated by Crystal Herbert; Harper, $2.95), a delightful radio play which develops the fascinating possibility of a connubial instructor holding forth at a French university. M. Maurois's play is actually a situation comedy, in which the professor explicates all of the possible situations in matrimony, illustrated by two characters named Philippe and Marise. And since the professor is a Frenchman his situations become more highly seasoned than those entered into by Blondie and Dagwood. There is, *par exemple*, the matter of the 5,000 franc notes. You see, they are about to be recalled by the Government, and Marise has 300,000 francs worth of them given to her by an elderly benefactor. Marise's problem is simply this: How to exchange her massive loot without her husband being the wiser. Well, the professor solves this problem quite deftly, as well as a myriad of others that might crop up in the course of any normal marriage in which the wife is kept by a retired ambassador and the husband cohabits with a feminine member of the Puerto Rican legation. All in all "The Art of Being Happily Married" is an enchanting bit of supplementary reading for students of marital and extra marital relations. —Martin Levin.

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# Alphabet of the Apocalypse

Editor's Note: *The guest editorial this week is written by the distinguished Asian statesman and soldier Carlos P. Romulo, Ambassador of the Republic of the Philippines to the United States, formerly president of the General Assembly. Ten years ago General Romulo proposed that the United Nations be given a police force and the effective powers of world law. Seven years ago he defined the basis of a UN pooling of atomic energy for peaceful purposes. The Editors believe this article may be equally prophetic.*

THE freedom, peace, and plenty we all seek now lie at the mercy of a new set of alphabetical groupings. Some of these letters are familiar, such as UN, USA, and USSR. Some are not so familiar but are rapidly becoming so. I refer in particular to IRBM, ICBM, BWCW, and NW. What we do about these various letters—how we arrange them or re-arrange them—will have more to do with the kind of lives we will live in the next decade or so than anything we may be doing as statesmen, businessmen, educators, or community leaders.

IRBM stands for the Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile. ICBM stands for the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. Each can be armed with a superhydrogen warhead. NW stands for the Nuclear War that will surely result if these monsters are not soon controlled. BWCW stands for Biological Warfare and Chemical Warfare which would bring upon our planet the abomination of desolation. If those letters are mixed together by man's fear or folly, the triumph of hell on earth will follow—made by man, directed by man, aimed at Man. This in very truth is the Alphabet of the Apocalypse.

The Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile is what the name implies—a device for carrying the hell bombs over fairly short areas—let us say, from any part of Europe to any other part of Europe. The Intercontinental Ballistic Missile can carry the hell bombs from one continent to another. The ICBM has a range of 5,000 miles or more. If the polar route is used, there is no country in North America, Europe, or Asia that is not accessible to any other country on those three continents.

What speeds do the ballistic missiles attain? It is no military secret that they are faster by far than the speed of bullets. Faster—at least seven times faster—than the speed of sound. Faster—at least four times faster—than the revolution of the earth itself. Some say their speed in miles per hour is 18,000. If so, the ICBM brings the U.S. and the USSR within twenty-four minutes of each other. It also brings the human race within minutes of a destiny that makes a man-fashioned farce of the gift of sacred life.

According to the best intelligence available, the intercontinental ballistic missiles are now getting out of the experimental stage. According to the same intelligence, in a year or so these carriers will have been sufficiently tested to be ready for quantity production.

I have no way of knowing whether it is true that the US is behind the USSR in the development of these missiles. For the sake of the American people and all humanity, I hope and pray that it is not.

But let me make one thing clear. Even if, within a very short time, the free world were to catch up with and even pass the USSR in its ICBM program, that by itself would not provide an adequate basis for world peace. For I believe that nothing is more dangerous or more insulting to intelligence than the theory often heard these days that the peace we seek can be created out of "mutual terror."

I believe in military preparedness. Make no mistake about that. I don't want the free world to fall behind the totalitarian in any area or military power. But it is monstrously fallacious to argue that military preparedness of and by itself can produce or even protect peace and freedom for us and our children.

Our peace-seeking peoples are constrained to continue arming themselves for one reason: self-protection. It is my hope that we may use that protection as a shield behind which we may develop the great ideas that can defeat force itself.

Let me repeat: the world is a year or so away from a point of no return. Within that period we must answer the question Harrison Brown, atomic scientist, asked in the early days of the far-off atomic age: "Must destruction be our destiny?" In a year or so we must have in operation a system of enforceable control over all devices for depopulation. If we do not, we shall soon enter an era of sleepless waiting for mounting "mutual terror" to explode into mutual annihilation.

This is why I say that nothing is more irresponsible or more dangerous to humanity than the notion that "mutual terror" is an acceptable substitute for peace. The very possession by both sides of "ultimate weapons" places such a premium on surprise attack as to create trigger thoughts and trigger fingers.

IT IS superfluous to observe that the ICBM's carrying nuclear warheads do not exist in the best of all possible worlds. They exist in the context of national rivalries, in the context of basic national insecurity, in the context of world revolution, in the context of consummated "absorption" and aggression, in the context of upheavals involving the more than 1,300,000,000 human beings—more than half the human race—who are emerging from centuries of indignity, but who are still uncertain where they should go now or what the light is that can guide them.

This is the context in which the alphabet of the Apocalypse must be studied. The notion that the explosive situations that fill our age can be kept from erupting in a continuing reign of "mutual terror" is, I repeat, not only sterile but immoral. It is sterile be-

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cause it cannot produce peace. It is immoral because it implies that man's temporal destiny can only be shaped by force.

This terror talk is the ultimate attack on the spiritual power of man—his ability to apply his God-given faculties of imagination, intellect, and free will for the attainment of noble ends.

Ten years ago my government went to the San Francisco Conference to help draft a United Nations Charter with high hopes, but also with some apprehensions.

We hoped that man's imagination, ingenuity, and intelligence could soon produce the greatest age in his history. We hoped that the same energies being demonstrated in the war then raging could be devoted to the conquest of scarcity and human misery. It seemed to us then that nothing was beyond man's reach. He could reclaim the wastelands. He could tap the basic energy of the sun. He could turn to the seas for new sources of raw materials. He could liberate himself from drudgery. He could educate his children. He could embark on the vast adventure of self-fulfilment.

Our apprehensions were that very little of this promise might be realized because the nations at San Francisco would be so preoccupied with purely national problems that they wouldn't have time to lift their heads high enough in order to sniff the cool, brisk air of a new age. We were afraid that the nations were so locked in the past, so tied to outworn concepts of how best to achieve security, that they would repeat errors instead of learning from them. And of all the obsolete concepts, none was greater or more damaging than the notion that we could avert another world war without world law. This was the idea that the United Nations could exist side by side with the kind of unfettered national sovereignty that makes aggression possible and inevitable.

I believed at San Francisco and still believe today that our best chance for peace—indeed, our only chance—lies in making the United Nations an organization with powers adequate to prevent aggression, adequate to control civilization-smashing weapons, adequate to deal with the basic causes of war, adequate to raise the standard of world justice, adequate, finally, in terms of the human individual himself. Please don't get the impression that mine was the only government at San Francisco that expressed its hopes for a creative peace. Not for a second would I withhold credit from many of my colleagues whose hopes were no less real than my own, and whose apprehensions were no less severe.

The inability of San Francisco to create a United Nations which could replace world anarchy can be traced to the following reasons:

1. There was a rather widespread conviction at San Francisco that the world's peoples were not yet sufficiently advanced in their thinking to support a world organization with adequate authority to make and enforce world law. My conviction then and now is that the world's peoples will respond to inspired leadership precisely on questions of world law.

2. The United Nations Charter solidified the status quo. Peace was never really *created* at the end of the war. All the uncertainties, unresolved issues, and hanging questions were left as they were. The United Nations was *superimposed* on the existing complexities and tensions without any real authority to deal with them. The best the U.N. could do was to try to keep a bad situation from becoming worse. But bad situations get worse in the absence of power to deal with them. The U.N.'s effectiveness was thus limited to juggling explosive situations.

3. The implications of a two-power world were never fully appreciated at San Francisco. It was assumed that the only thing required for peaceful relations between the U.S. and the USSR was for both countries to live and let live. But this theory has never worked in history whenever two powerful nations faced each other across a power vacuum.

In 1945, the countries between the U.S. and the USSR presented such a vacuum. It was inevitable that both states would view this vacuum in the light of their own long-range security. This vacuum would be especially tempting to the USSR, with its powerful appetite for expansion and its equally powerful ideological drive toward world revolution.

San Francisco never really faced up to this dangerous situation. Its failure was veiled by easy rationalizations: "If the U.S. and the USSR can't agree, then a U.N. capable of keeping peace is impossible"; "If they can agree, a stronger U.N. isn't necessary."

This logic, of course, leads to an absurd conclusion: if peace must depend on agreement between the giants, then why a U.N. in the first place? The only defensible purpose of a U.N. is to define the rules of the game, binding on all, large and small. If each state may choose its own course, in the international traffic pattern, only chaos can be expected. Moreover, the absence of an effective world security organization forces the individual state to look after its own security. This means not only an armament race, but a competition for military bases and jockeying for superior strategic positions. The ideal U.N. would eliminate this competition for "positions of strength" by guaranteeing the territorial integrity of all states, by defining a code of conduct for them and by enforcing that code.

In short, it is precisely because there can be no fundamental agreement between the U.S. and the USSR that it is mandatory to interpose a peace-keeping body between the two.

These then were the three principal reasons why the peace organization fashioned at San Francisco lacked the mandate and the muscle to fulfil our hopes for a secure peace.

Obviously, the question is whether the Soviets would ever have agreed to enter into a system of binding world law. Most probably they would have objected violently. But I believe that this goal should nevertheless have been defined. In fact, I feel that on sober second thought they might have feared to risk alienating world opinion on an issue so clearly affecting the safety and welfare of all peoples. I believe that a timetable for true world security, to be achieved step by step by a U.N. with the requisite powers—I believe that this approach was at least worth trying. The road to genuine world security must begin at a signpost bearing an affirmative definition of essential goals.

BUT all this is now behind us—this decade of frustrated hopes. Whatever went wrong at San Francisco and in the years that followed, we must deal today with the gravest crisis in the history of our race. I do not say that this situation, serious as it is, has gotten beyond human comprehension and control. But certain tremendous and indisputable facts must be faced up to at once.

Very soon, perhaps within a year, within two or three at the very most, it will be impossible to stop the race for supremacy in terror weapons.

I believe that the full General Assembly of the United Nations should consider this matter at its current general session. It should undertake the most thorough examination of all the implications of the ICBM in the context of developing world tensions.

The General Assembly can consider the fundamental problems concerned with the control of the planet- shattering weapons. When we do that, we will automatically be considering the control of war itself, for what is required to take care of the first will also take care of the second.

The Assembly must consider, besides the other big questions that must ultimately lead to a Charter Review Conference—how to win the sup-

(*Continued on page* 50)

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### CERTIFICATION AND CONTROL

MY HAT'S OFF to *SR* and Edith Stern (*SR* Oct. 20). I would like to add to her statement, however, that the practice of psychotherapy is not limited in most states by law. Even certification, which most psychologists have been working for, would not in any way limit the practice of psychotherapy. Certification would simply control the use of the title "psychologist," so that unqualified people could not operate under this name.

MORRIS GOODMAN, PH.D.

East Orange, N. J.

### "GROUP" READING

I HAVE A FEW things to say about the problems of books and children (*SR* Nov. 17). My young daughter wanted to read Tolstoy's "War and Peace" when she was twelve. The librarian told her she could not have this book because it "wasn't in her age group." My older son, in high school, interested in psychology, attempted to borrow one of Freud's books after he and I discussed the differences of Adler and Jung in relation to Freud. The librarian was shocked that a mere sixteen-year-old would read Freud. My four children and I have frequently encountered this notion of "age group" in parceling out books. Recently we moved to a fringe community of Chicago and to our surprise discovered that the public library was closed entirely to all children under fourteen. The junior-high library was for them, my daughter was told, with books "for her age group."

Who, may I ask, has empowered librarians to decide what "group" shall read what books? I started a little one-man war with the library board and was told that "our children are exceptions, that most children cannot read books beyond their age levels, and that this ruling was the result of parental pressure to keep undesirable books out of young peoples' reach."

What goes? Do my children have to read "Who Killed Cock Robin?" "Bunny Bright Eyes," or "See Spot Run" until they get to college? This "group" regimentation starts with books, goes on to laws against slacks and sideburns in school, and ends up we-know-all-too-very-well-where. Let's put a stop to it.

LOUIS RAMME BURNS.

Kenosha, Wis.

### SCIENCE OF PEACE

HOW RIGHT N.C. is when he says "Be careful about what it is we ask of science. We are likely to get it" ("Science and Sense," *SR* Oct. 27). But it certainly needs to be made more explicit that we are not likely to get *anything* unless we ask for it. Let's not tilt science against man or man against science. Science is a part of man. Having used our scientific intelligence to develop terrible weapons, is there any reason why we could not and should not use our intelligence scientifically to find the road to peace? Is it not clear that the hour's most urgent need is the rechanneling of intellectual talent towards a science of peace?

THEODORE F. LENTZ, *Director, Character Research Association.*

St. Louis, Mo.

### NO MORE SCIENCE?

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Science and Sense" (*SR* Oct. 27) called attention to what I believe to be the greatest challenge facing the world today: How is man to take advantage of his unique ability to direct consciously his own evolutionary development? However, one of N.C.'s statements shocked me. Does *SR* really believe that science is "rapidly running out of major assignments"? On the contrary, it seems to me, it's an axiom of science that every major discovery reveals two, three, or a half-dozen new problems, and illuminates many more unexplored areas. Have we solved such mysteries as the nature of nuclear forces, the cause of multiple sclerosis, protein synthesis, etc.

WILFRED R. BEKEBREDE.

Watertown, Mass.

### SCIENCE IS ENDLESS

NO MAJOR ASSIGNMENTS! What is matter? What is gravity? Given the chemistry of the human body, what is consciousness? Even what is photosynthesis? Once we have space-ships, there may not be so many new gadgets every year. But that's not science! Science is endless.

WALTER MAYA.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editorial should have made clear that it was talking about "applied" rather than "pure" science. There is an important distinction between the two; we were in error in failing to make that distinction.*

### MIND AND BRAIN

ARE WE READY for all the responsibilities of scientific progress? To term one of the most important of our new gadgets the electronic "brain" instead of the electronic "mind" is very revealing. The brain, like an automobile, is a piece of physical mechanism; both require a judgment center for command. The mind contains an "evaluation center" which responds to the emotional and intellectual stimuli transmitted through the brain, upon receipt of which the mind (or the spirit) evaluates and acts. From the mind come the orders back to the brain, culminating in action. No matter how advanced the apparatus, we still must educate and discipline this "mind" by what N.C. so aptly calls "sense."

JOHN ALLEN.

New York, N.Y.

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## BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

### Helen of Sparta

THE current revival of **"The Glass Menagerie"** is a glorious reminder of our growing theatre heritage. The moment the curtain goes up on Jo Mielziner's drab St. Louis alley an era both of stage history and of life is back with us. And instead of seeming outdated Tennessee Williams's words about America and the world in the late Thirties have more force when spoken with ten more years distance between them and the events.

Director Alan Schneider has approached the work boldly and has steered his production in the direction of logic and humor. Helen Hayes's portrayal of Amanda Wingfield has an aggressive, non-dreamy quality that perfectly fits Amanda's statement, "Life calls for Spartan endurance." Her performance is consciously and deliberately comic. At one point she uses the inflections of a minstrel show interlocutor. And at another she allows herself to caper delightedly in a peppy jig. No one admires the late Laurette Taylor's desperation-filled performance more than Miss Hayes, but in cases like these the most honest thing another great performer can do is to make the role her own. Miss Hayes does, though she stops short of heartbreak.

James Daly's Tom also seems less of a dreamer and more of a practical and wise young man. Lois Smith's Laura is full of resignation to the social disadvantages of being a cripple, but equally full of a beautiful sensitivity which expresses itself in consideration for others. She puts across exquisitely her concern for Tom's domestic entrapment, and her terror at testing her private romantic dreams. Lonnie Chapman brings an intentional surface vulgarity to the gentleman caller, and the moment he explains away Laura with the term "inferiority complex" nicely demonstrates the native lack of subtlety in American culture.

There are minor defects in this City Center production: broadness of performance that tends to distract the audience's attention from the emotional core of the play; a pace that does not permit enough time for reaction to situations. These may both be dictated by having to perform in a large auditorium. Yet, even as it is, the play, which is to Williams as "Long Day's Journey Into Night" is to O'Neill, emerges less as a vehicle for a fabulous and unforgettable actress than as one of the truly marvelous works in our American dramatic album.

N. RICHARD NASH'S new play, **"Girls of Summer,"** deals with sex and romance but is neither sexy nor romantic. Indeed, the writer chooses to show that sex, when it is a "one in the dark" sort of thing, or romance, when it is an imitation of the Hollywood stereotype, is the means whereby we escape from ever knowing ourselves or our partners.

"Girls of Summer" focuses on Hilda Brookman, a thirty-year-old big sister, and her struggle to evade facing her own situation. To jolt her out of her false fortress Mr. Nash has invented Jules Taggart, a crude and dangerous-when-attacked bachelor, whose saving grace turns out to be a compulsion to be honest with himself. Jules sets out on a phony half-hearted romance with Hilda's teenage sister, and in the prevention of this affair Hilda is forced out into the open.

In performance there are moments of real excitement when Jules, as played with intoxicating vitality by Pat Hingle, blasts at Hilda and the others in the play. And Shelley Winters makes a pathetic Hilda with her futile half-finished, off-balance gestures, and her constant state of immediate vulnerability. Yet for a great deal of the time the play is merely demonstrating truths which prove pale, perpiheral, and fragmentary.

Director Jack Garfein has encouraged a high degree of inner vitality in his actors, so that the activities onstage are credible. But credibility and Mr. Hingle's electrifying performance cannot save "Girls of Summer" from seeming disturbingly incomplete.

"The Happiest Millionaire," by Kyle Chrichton, concerns the eccentric Anthony J. Drexel Biddle and the comic misunderstandings that arise when his daughter decides to marry cigarette scion Angier Duke.

Except for a very amusing scene in which the short slightly-built young Angier gets the best of the rugged Mr. Biddle by means of jiu jitsu, the play amounts to a series of tepid episodes about some not terribly funny doings in the Biddle household. George Grizzard gives a fine performance as Angier, and Walter Pidgeon's personal warmth as Biddle gamely supports the play through long weak stretches.

—HENRY HEWES.

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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### Ingrid and Elvis

"Anastasia," a theatrically effective play, has been turned into an entertaining, if rather theatrical, movie, in which the acting is pretty topnotch—as one might expect in view of the caliber of the cast. The picture marks the return of Ingrid Bergman to the American screen, and associated with her in this story of White Russian aristocrats are such firmly capable people as Helen Hayes, Yul Brynner, Martita Hunt, Akim Tamiroff, and Felix Aylmer. "Anastasia," as practically everyone knows by now, makes capital out of the mystery surrounding a woman now living in Germany. Some claim she is the last surviving descendant of the immediate family of Czar Nicholas II; others regard her as an imposter. Primarily at stake is not so much the question of royal lineage as the $30,000,000 residing in English vaults, money that would become the property of a proven Romanoff. It is out of both of these elements that the story of "Anastasia" has been compounded.

The movie purists could make a strong case if they were to say that this picture is too static, too stagy in its structure to qualify as good film art, and it is true enough that the actors predominate, even though the capable Anatole Litvak has directed. Though there is little real life in the fancily contrived story, there are several moments that allow for bravura performing. It is hokum of a sort, but it is nevertheless interesting to watch Miss Bergman and Miss Hayes tie into a scene in which the former, as Anastasia, must convince the skeptical Dowager Empress, played by Miss Hayes, that she is as she claims. One seldom sees this kind of acting in movies; the scene is made out of the stuff of theatre, and old-style theatre at that. But it has its charm.

Whether by accident or design, Mr. Litvak has given the film a coldly handsome mounting, a tired sort of elegance. The emigré Russians are given their dignity, but little else, and Miss Bergman is given the chance to run a gamut—from the haggard, dispirited woman who has lost hold of her identity to the regal creature who convinces her compatriots that she is the Grand Duchess, daughter of the late Czar of all the Russias. The premises throughout may be sentimental, but Miss Bergman is the real thing. Helen Hayes, too, has risen to the situation, becomes every inch of her small stature a royal being. Martita Hunt is a delight as the companion of the Dowager Empress, but Yul Brynner is something of a disappointment as a crafty former general. I am afraid there is only so far to go with a bald head and a set of King of Siam mannerisms. What Mr. Brynner does, he does well, but it's time for him to show that he can do more.

* * *

**"Love Me Tender"** is one of those titles that gives little clue to the story content. What Twentieth Century-Fox seems to have done is to dust off a Civil War story with fairly standard ingredients and turn it into a box-office attraction by the simple expedient of tossing in Elvis Presley. The incomparable Presley is a triple-threat man in this one: he sings, he wiggles, and he acts. In the latter role he is a boy left home on a Southern farm while his brothers go off to fight. When his older brother is presumed dead Elvis marries the fiancée he left behind. When the older brother (Richard Egan) turns up after the war in excellent shape one or the other, as anyone who knows his movie plots realizes, must go, preferably by kicking the bucket. Since the girl, with fantastic stupidity, prefers Egan, it is Elvis who must somehow get himself shot. He does, in a magnificent death scene in which, oddly, he reminds one of Liberace.

Before this dreadful event occurs, however, Elvis is given ample opportunity to perform with his voice, guitar, and anatomy. Seems he's a talented kid, even though a simple farm-boy, and it also appears that the people of his region went in for a folksy kind of rock-and-roll back in 1865. It makes for a sort of implied continuity between past and present. The most deliciously funny shot in the movie is one of Mildred Dunnock smiling with benign appreciation upon her son, Elvis, as he plinks that guitar and jerks that knee. It is a smile I shall treasure always. The next most enjoyable scene is the very last, showing Elvis, now a ghost, still plinking his guitar in the hereafter, singing "Love Me Tender," and smiling with heartfelt tenderness on Richard Egan, Debra Paget (rejoined with her true love), and his darling, adorable mom, Miss Dunnock. Who could resist him?

—Hollis Alpert.

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## TV AND RADIO

### Bullies and Fraidy-Cats

THE GREAT defeat in the recent campaign was suffered not by the Democratic nominee or the Republican Congressional candidates—it was suffered by television. As part of our communications system television comes out of the campaign humiliated, corrupted, and disgraced. The defeat suffered by the medium rose from the way it was used and not used, from the way it allowed itself to be abused, and from its failure to function at the top of its potentialities.

In one respect—and so far as I know in only one—the Republican management abused the public confidence by the way it used television. They put on something that pretended to be a genuine press-conference but wasn't (although I take the Republicans' word for it that the newspapermen weren't told what questions to ask—certainly they knew what questions *not* to ask.) There was also, on the last night of campaigning, what appeared to be a spontaneous outburst of confidence in the President, an effective device used four years ago when *The New York Post* printed at noon the text of spontaneous utterances spoken eight hours later. (It was not thought necessary to alter the words—an indication of the opinion held by the campaigners of the gullibility of the American people.) Also, on the final night, a prominent TV newscaster introduced the program, precisely as newscasters introduce non-political broadcasts.

All these things, which corrupted the integrity of television, the managers of the industry permitted to happen.

But apart from these sins the Republican campaign used the skills of television superbly. They struck the "corny" notes, but they struck them firmly. They openly used the format of "This Is Your Life," a program of unabashed sentimentality. They put on a program of a man talking about America and showed prosperous farms and busy factories and people having fun and the man thanked Eisenhower for all this and whistled to his dog and went home. They had a homey gathering in which the people asked the President the kind of questions you usually hear on a daytime domestic-interest program.

The only successful program on the Democratic side was the one on which Stevenson explained, pleasantly enough, why television was *not* a satisfactory way for a candidate to reach the people. Thereafter we were treated to a demonstration of keeping people from reaching the candidate. The full presentation of Stevenson's point about the H-bomb brought Clinton Anderson and Stuart Symington to make stuffy affirmative replies to Stevenson's questions—when what was needed was either overwhelming scientific authority (which was available) or someone to represent "we the people." It was a stroke of luck that Dr. Benjamin Spock was willing to electioneer for Stevenson—and they put him on for little lectures! Austerity is a fine thing, but the business of the managers was to elect Stevenson, not to further a theory about the proper use of TV materials.

The Republicans had found out that Eisenhower was ill-at-ease alone before the camera and sweet with people around him, so they had people around him. No one found out anything about Stevenson's approach—and he was left unapproachable.

AND finally the networks themselves seem to have decided that there was so much politics on the air they had better have no part in it. Except for a few scattered comments they illuminated no issues, disclosed no meanings. They have the right to declare themselves on public issues, to become Democratic or Republican networks, as newspapers are party supporters, and I am glad they didn't avail themselves of the right. But they could, without partisanship or with bipartisanship, have discussed and clarified the issues, have compared programs, or given background information. They chose, as channels of communication, to remain incommunicado.

The parties are instruments for the expression of the will of the people and during a campaign, by long tradition, they manipulate, rather than form, public opinion. The networks are in one aspect servants of the people, licensed to operate only so long as they operate in the public interest. They not only allowed the manipulation of the public to jeopardize their most precious asset—confidence that what they show is real—but they did nothing to inform or enlighten the public they are committed to serve.

—GILBERT SELDES.


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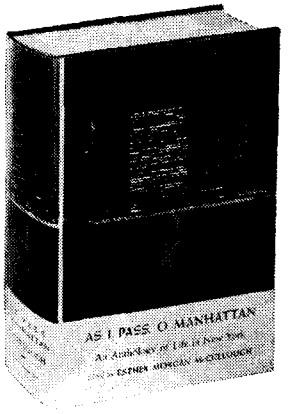


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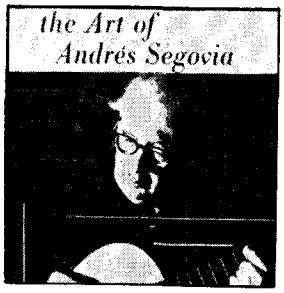


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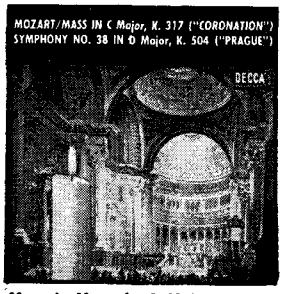


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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

# "Ernani" in Revival, "Fidelio" in Survival

FOR most music lovers of this generation, Verdi's "Ernani" endures for a few favorite arias and a mention in the first act of Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" (where Raina Petkoff likens her reception of the intruding soldier, Bluntschli, to the "old Castilian noble" of "Ernani" who was equally chivalrous to his enemy.) What this is all about was finally visible in the Metropolitan's revival lately of one of Verdi's earliest operas.

It is doubtful this was Rudolf Bing's primary purpose. It is no secret that in this season of a Callas "Norma" and a Tebaldi "Traviata" there had to be a Milanov something. After hearing her struggle with the soprano's famous "Ernani, involami"—despite a considerate lowering of the pitch—one wondered whether "Ernani" had been put on for, or against, her. The transposition skirted the Scylla of a top C, but deposited her against the Charybdis of a low A. As for the swoops and slides, they would have been present in any case, for Milanov gets her effects these days mainly by physical exertion. For the rest of the performance, she subsisted on an air of injured hauteur—Elvira's dramatic situation permits little else—some searing top notes for the ensemble climaxes, and only occasional suggestions of her former vocal beauty.

From this motivation proceeded a production rather at sixes and sevens, which will have the indicated margin of virtue on those nights when Leonard Warren was singing as he did at the premiere—in a manner to notch a little higher his niche as the leading Verdi baritone of our time. His delivery of the music for Carlo Quinto, including the magnificent "O sommo Carlo," encouraged silent gratitude for a grateful pianissimo or two as well as a good deal of audible approval for the soaring A flats with which he contested the voluble efforts of Mario del Monaco as Ernani and Cesare Siepi as Don Ruy Gomez de Silva.

The unhappy fact is, despite the supposedly authoritative presence of Dimitri Mitropoulos in the pit and the presumed stage direction of Dino Yannopoulos, this was not a controlled production in any realistic sense. Monaco sang as loud and held his notes as long as he could, lunged hither and thither as suited his taste—which, in such matters, is execrable—and otherwise behaved as the prototype of all operatic tenors. Credit the man with enormous endurance and an almost earblinding brilliance; but weep for the plethora of missed opportunities to be other than an animated bellows.

In addition to indulging del Monaco's egocentricities, Mitropoulos demeaned his musicianship by accepting a relocation of Silva's celebrated "Infelice" from Act I to Act II, and providing a four-bar conservatory modulation to lower it into its new place. The original arrangement has drawn critical complaint for decades (the solemn air blends oddly with the thronged stage of gayly dressed people), but it has equal dramatic incongruity as presently placed, on an empty stage, interrupting the action at the end of Act II.

More of the same kind of tinkering—which could provide a new meaning for a tinkerer's dam—disfigured some appropriate and some inappropriate scenic designs by Estaban Frances, a painter known to the theatre previously for work with the City and Metropolitan ballets. He has one fine setting, in Act III, for the subterranean crypt in which Carlo overhears the plot against him by Ernani and Silva, and the last interior is cleverly conceived. But why a patio, in California-Spanish, for the first act which is plainly described in the text as "Elvira's rich apartment in Silva's castle"? And why another exterior for the second act, also plainly described as a "magnificent hall"? I have no brief for the original libretto, a contrivance from first to last, Hugo-derived though it is, but there is no improvement in these alterations, merely a mania to be different. Frances doubtless was aiming at the picturesque, but with the kind of action credited to Yannopoulos, it was no more than posturesque.

What is lacking in this treatment of "Ernani," in this opinion, is a basic conception which would have justified it—a proper rendering, with all its youthful flaws and salient strengths, of a very early work by a man of thirty-one who would go on to write "Rigoletto" and "Traviata" and "Forza" and all the other great works we love and admire, down to "Othello" and "Falstaff" a full fifty years later. From the opening drinking chorus, echoed in "Otello," to the final trio "Ernani" is a treasure of allusions to such late Verdian absorptions as social injustice, the elderly suitor and the young betrothed, the helplessness of man in the face of circumstances. "Ernani" has vigorous values and productive power that can make their appeal, however naive, but not when a veil of "sophistication" is suspended between it and the audience. A lengthy ballet (derived by Zachary Solov from his previous "Vittorio") extended the last act without really improving it.

Taken together, it was a good idea to do "Ernani" if only to show that in Carlo the "Verdi baritone" makes his first appearance on the operatic stage, and in Warren the Metropolitan has the baritone of strength and purpose to match historic comparisons (only such an artist could have triumphed over the absurdly ornate costumes designed for him). It was valuable to permit those who care an insight into the modest but potent beginnings from which the magnificence of Verdi matured. But more respect and yes, *knowledge,* in the presence of a work by a genius, if not a work of genius, would have yielded more from this investment of time, talent, *and* money.

FOR those who value it, the music of Beethoven's "Fidelio" is a lure to attendance under almost any circumstances, including a concert performance by the American Opera Company directed in Town Hall by Arnold U. (no doubt for Untiring) Gamson, its youthful maestro. With such able artists as Paul Schoeffler (Pizzarro), Inge Borkh (Leonore), Fernando Correna (Rocco), and Alexander Welitsch (Minister of Justice), mixed with younger ones of promise, the promise of quality results was present.

In such a circumstance, however, the promise was present only to the degree the direction provided. Gamson is serious, energetic, and unquestionably ambitious; but he is also lacking in resource for such a task, too inclined to make his affection for Beethoven serve in place of understanding. The orchestra was too small, too exposed, and too limited in manpower to serve artistic ends. When Schoeffler took off in "Hah! welch an Augenblick," Gamson could do no more than follow as well as he could.

Beyond the attractions of the score (which, given without dialogue, had the qualities of a symphony-oratorio), interest centered on Miss Borkh. She generates theatrical excitement through a commanding presence, an ample if strident voice, and the rudiments of an acting technique. Her musical intentions are all honorable

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ones, but there is too little vocal art, too much effort of the will to deal suitably with such a taxing scene as "Abscheulicher." Aside from Schoeffler's familiar mastery, the evening provided a new esteem for Correna in his first venture with a German text, a credit for the musicality of Sara Fleming (Marzelline) and a warning that Jon Vickers, who performed Florestan's music with vigor and volume, might be a tenor of consequence. Lawrence Avery was the diligent Jacquino and the chorus trained by Margaret Hillis performed capably. What survived of "Fidelio" was more to Beethoven's credit than what Gamson exposed of the score was to his.

Carnegie Hall is not ordinarily considered a suitable place for a lieder recital, but talent makes its own rules, especially if—as in the instance of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's recent appearance there—the singer attracts a capacity audience, and an overflow on the stage. The consequences to Mozart, Schubert, Strauss, Wolf, *et al.* were rather less than the purposes they serve, as Schwarzkopf capably demonstrated.

Her vocal resources were in excellent order for this occasion, and the audience plainly enjoyed itself, whether she was singing "An Sylvia" with a cleverly calculated effectiveness, or "Come Scoglio" (from Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte") as an encore with a strong emphasis on her best register, above F, and a studied evasion of its demands elsewhere. George Reeves, at the piano, provided what the occasion required.

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**GUIDO CANTELLI:** The airplane has speeded countless musicians to countless engagements in the postwar period when it has been a generally accepted mode of travel. It has also cost us the careers of such brilliant young talents as the French violinist Ginette Neveu and the American pianist William Kapell, the more mature but hardly superannuated Grace Moore and the elderly but cherishable Jacques Thibaud. And now it has eliminated from the scarcely overlong roster of richly promising conducting talents the name of Guido Cantelli. The cause remains to be explained; the results can never be amended. It will be years before Italy can produce another young musician with Cantelli's flair for the past of his own country, his interest in the classics of the orchestral literature as a whole, and his broad sympathies with the worthwhile writings of the present day. Less haste and more certainty is a rule of travel that some of our musical migrants might seriously consider. —IRVING KOLODIN.

**PRE-HOLIDAY RECORDINGS**

# THE CRITICS CHOOSE THE YEAR'S "BEST" RECORDINGS

EVERYBODY agrees, as was true last year, that it is impossible to choose the "best" recordings in any general categories any more: a) There are too many, b) Not everybody hears all the same releases, c) Some critics are not serviced as regularly by one producer as by another. Nevertheless, more than eighty record reviewers have responded to RECORDINGS' annual questionnaire in a generous spirit of cooperation and curiosity as to the next fellow's thinking. In thanking them and making available the results, in various categories, to the reader the endeavor has been to search out areas of agreement rather than to list every worthwhile record mentioned (sometimes as many as fifty in a single questionnaire).

A breakdown reveals that in the major categories (certain minor ones will be considered presently) the greatest degree both of participation and agreement may be found in the field of opera. Of course, it has been a Mozart year, which brings votes in the operatic category from some professional listeners who might not otherwise be committal—but it has also been a Puccini and a Massenet year. As evidence, among two-thirds of the critics answering, the top totals are as follows:

For Sir Thomas Beecham conducting "La Boheme," with Victoria de los Angeles, Jussi Bjoerling, and Robert Merrill (on RCA Victor LM-6042, $7.96) a total of fourteen, including Francis A. Klein of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat,* Frank Arganbright of the *Journal and Courier,* Lafayette, Indiana, James G. Roy of the *Selma* (Alabama) *Times-Journal,* Herbert O'Keef of the Raleigh (North Carolina) *News and Observer,* William Reddell of the *San Antonio* (Texas) *Express,* Gene Lees of the *Louisville* (Kentucky) *Times,* Hubert Roussel of the *Houston* (Texas) *Post,* Marty Ostrow of *The Cash Box,* New York, Jack Frederick Kilpatrick of the *Dallas Times-Herald,* Edward P. Halline of the *Milwaukee* (Wisconsin) *Sentinel,* Alma Gowdy of the *Los Angeles Herald-Express,* Edward Ireland of the *Miami Daily News,* Rena C. Holtkamp of the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer,* and J. Hopkins of *Records of the Month.*

For Ferenc Fricsay conducting "The Magic Flute" with Maria Stader, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and Rita Streich (Decca DX-134, $11.94) a total of eleven, among them Jim Frankel of the *Cleveland Press,* James Lyons of *Hi-Fi Music,* Abner Levin of *The Long Player,* Thomas B. Sherman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* Ray Le Roque of the *Worcester* (Massachusetts) *Telegram,* Allen Young of the *Denver Post,* Leo Lerman of *Mademoiselle,* Donald McDonald of *The Catholic Messenger,* Harold Rogers of *The Christian Science Monitor,* Ephraim Kahn of the *Army Times,* and John Voorhees of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

For Pierre Monteux's "Manon," with Victoria de los Angeles and a French cast (RCA Victor LM 6042, $14.92), a total of ten, beginning with Paul Affelder of *Cosmopolitan,* and continuing with Weldon Wallace of the

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*Baltimore Sun,* Edward C. Brooks, Jr., of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune,* Warner Twyford of the *Virginian-Pilot* (Norfolk), Harold C. Schonberg of *The New York Times,* John C. Acord of the *Oklahoma City Times,* Lowell Durham of the *Salt Lake Tribune,* Conrad B. Harrison, his neighbor at the *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City, Oscar Smith of the *Akron Beacon-Journal,* and A. Russell Jones of the *Oak Ridger* (Oak Ridge, Tennessee).

For such other excellent recordings of the year as Monteux's "La Traviata" (with Rosanne Cartieri, Cesare Valleti, and Leonard Warren, on RCA Victor LM 6042, $14.92), Erich Kleiber's "Marriage of Figaro" (with Cesare Siepi, Hilde Gueden, *et al.,* on London XLLA-35, $14.92), the Serafin-Callas "Rigoletto" on Angel and the same label's brand new "Falstaff" (Angel 3552, $14.92), there was sufficient loyal support to merit tabulation: for "Traviata," Nell Lawson of the *Buffalo Evening News,* Henry S. Humphreys of the *Cincinnati Times-Star,* Edwin Miller of *Seventeen* magazine, Herbert Kupferberg of the *New York Herald-Tribune,* F. G. Rule of the *Knoxville* (Tennessee) *News-Sentinel,* Hunter Mirade of the *Tulsa Sunday World,* and Lily May Caldwell of the *Birmingham* (Alabama) *News;* for "Figaro," Ann Holmes of the *Houston* (Texas) *Chronicle,* Roger Dettmer of the *Chicago American,* Gid W. Waldrop of the *Review of Recorded Music,* Cyrus Durgin of the *Boston Globe,* James G. Deane of the *Washington Star,* Martin Bookspan of the *Jewish Advocate,* and if I were voting, the undersigned; and finally, for "Rigoletto," Stella Mills of the *Portland* (Maine) *Sunday Telegram* (a split vote with "Manon," but only credited here), Harry Glover of the *Philadelphia Daily News,* Guy McCoy of *Etude* magazine, Norman Johnson of the *Louisville Courier-Journal,* and Robert F. Freeland of *The School Musician,* while for "Falstaff" there is endorsement already from Milton Berliner of the *Washington News,* Paul H. Little of the *Hammond* (Indiana) *Times,* Hilmar Grondahl of the *Portland Oregonian,* and Walter Whitworth of the *Indianapolis News.*

THE abundance of excellent orchestral records is attested by the mention of only one work as many as ten times (as preferential, though multiple listings increased the totals among also rans). That was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, of which favor was equally dispensed, five and five, between the Karajan version on Angel 3544-B, $9.98 and the late Wilhelm Furtwaengler's Bayreuth concert performance of 1951 on RCA Victor LM 6043, $7.94 (all the critics have been previously mentioned). A uniform agreement on the excellence of the Reiner-Chicago Symphony recording of the Bartok "Concerto for Orchestra" (RCA Victor LM 1934, $3.98) was expressed by Edwin Bergamini of *Better Listening,* Clifford Gessler of the *Oakland* (California) *Tribune,* Albert Goldberg of the *Los Angeles Times,* J. Albert Fracht of the *Charleston* (South Carolina) *News and Courier* and John Voorhees of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer.* There were scatterings commending the Klemperer "Eroica" (Angel 35328, $4.98), various recordings by William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony, sundry Boston Symphony and Philadelphia Orchestra products, likewise Vaughan Williams's Symphony No. 8 on Mercury, but not enough agreement to merit mention of any one disc. The Bruno Walter-Mozart series was warmly approved in several instances, also the interview with him by Arnold Michaelis.

Among concerti, the Heifetz version of the Beethoven violin concerto (RCA Victor LM 1992, $3.98) enjoyed favor with five critics, including E. Clyde Whitlock of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* and Leonard Mendlowitz of the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.* The Schumann concerto as played by Walter Gieseking on Angel was endorsed by three respondents, including William Swank of the *Jackson* (Michigan) *Citizen-Patriot.*

Where instrumental music is concerned, there was a crystalization of opinion around two widely divergent personalities: the late Walter Gieseking and young Glenn Gould. A good opinion of the former's complete edition of Ravel piano music on Angel 3541-SS, $13.98, was expressed by E. Reinhold Rogers, Jr. of the *Clearwater Sun* and *Orlando Sentinel,* Col. L. R. Boals of the *Youngstown* (Ohio) *Vindicator,* James N. Cain of the *Columbus Citizen,* Sam Hood of the *Pittsburgh Press,* and seven of their colleagues around the country. Young Gould found even wider support, beginning with James G. Roy of Jacksonville (Florida), for his playing of the Bach "Goldberg Variations" (Columbia ML 5060, $3.98) and embracing a dozen others. Several, however, took occasion to add: "What happened to the Beethoven?" "Biggest disappointment of the year was his Beethoven disc," etc. To show that opinions may be as various as people, one critic (who shall be nameless) entered specific praise for Gould's Beethoven!

In the vocal category, the rising Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau attracted ten votes for his version of Schubert "Die Winterreise" with Gerald Moore at the piano (on RCA Victor LM 6036, $7.96), among them Virginia Carter of the *Chattanooga Times,* and Nat Hentoff of *Down Beat.* The Jussi Bjoerling at Carnegie Hall record (RCA Victor LM 2003, $3.98) appealed to Eleanor Bell of the *Cincinnati Post* and Harold Ober of the *St. Petersburg* (Florida) *Times.* There was a happy reception committee of nine for Handel's "Solomon" as conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham on Angel 3546-B, $9.98, with Evans Clinchy of the *Hartford Times* in the vanguard.

Oddly enough, the oddity of Columbia's experiment with "Waiting for Godot" was not unappreciated, a total of eight reviewers, including Fredson Bowers of the *Richmond* (Va.) *Times-Dispatch* and Samuel Singer of the *Philadelphia Forum* magazine, applauding its issue. Some of them noted it as the favorite "miscellaneous" recording of the year, or the "most commendable enterprise." And there was praise for the just-issued "St. Joan" with Siobhan McKenna (RCA Victor) from Rudolph Elie of the *Boston Herald,* and for the same lady's readings of Irish poetry (Westminster) from Joseph Roddy of *Life* magazine.

If there is lingering doubt of the universal appeal of "My Fair Lady" (Columbia OL-5090, $4.98), its overwhelming score, on stage and in the poll, took the year's honors from all contenders. No less than thirty reviewers, among them Douglas Watt of *The New Yorker* and Oscar Glasberg of the *Post Exchange Magazine,* found room for it in some category or other, most of them under "favorite popular record." The total is even more of a sweep than the number suggests, for more than a few of the others indicated that they didn't receive material in the popular or show category. Its nearest rival, "Most Happy Fella" (Col. O3L-240, $14.94) was outpointed by a ten to one margin, three persons, including Bernard Lebow of *Record and Sound Retailing,* going all out for Frank Loesser and Robert Weede.

In conclusion it may be mentioned that answers were also received from Earl Sands of the *Tampa Tribune,* Ross Parmenter of *The New York Times,* Walter Grueninger of the *Consumers Research Bulletin,* and Emily Coleman of *Newsweek* who, for one reason or another, didn't agree with anybody about anything. Miss Coleman wants Lotte Lenya's "Berlin Theatre Songs" (Weill) on Columbia to be remembered, Mr. Grueninger, though including Beecham's version of Handel's "Solomon" among the best vocal recordings says "Actually it's been a dull year with many, many releases but too few really distinguished performances." We couldn't agree less, but that is what polls are for.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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# RECENT AND CHOICE

A COMPILATION of items not previously reviewed in RECORDINGS, and particularly worth consideration for the music-lover's Christmas. ★ Denotes material not previously available on LP and hence not a duplicate of anything previously issued. Hence, for the one who "has everything."

★ **"HOMAGE TO MOZART."** As compiler of the musical contents of this offering, the undersigned is not competent to evaluate it, save to say that the contents speak for themselves: a disc by such vocalists as Mattia Battistini, Selma Kurz, Emmy Destinn, Frieda Hempel, John McCormack, Vanni-Marcoux, Lucrezia Bori, Tito Schipa, Ezio Pinza, Lotte Lehmann, Erna Berger, Ursula van Diemen, and Dorothy Maynor; short instrumental works by Wanda Landowska, Yehudi and Yaltah Menuhin, and Wilhelm Backhaus; Edwin Fischer conducting his orchestra and Clemens Krauss conducting the Vienna Philharmonic: Jacques Thibaud, violin, Aubrey Brain, horn, and Bruno Walter, piano, as soloists in concerti; and Artur Schnabel playing the G minor piano quartet with members of the Pro Arte Quartet. The abundant folio designed by Alfred Frankfurter and Eleanor C. Munro of *Art News* is one of the handsomest things yet done in this realm, from the black-leather binding with an insert of Raoul Dufy's "Homage to Mozart" to the many ingenious interrelationships of Mozart's music with the visual arts of his time. (RCA Victor LM 6130, Limited Edition of 1,000, $50 each).

★ **"LES GRANDES NUITS DE LA BOURGOGNE."** A fascinating, on-the-spot recording of "Le diner dans le cellier du Chateau de Clos-de-Vougeot" (a name of hallowed significance to any winebibber), with "Les harangues rabelaisiennes," "La Cérémonie d'intronisation des nouveaux Chevaliers," and "Les Chants des Cadets de Bourgogne." Knowledge of French is helpful but not indispensable to this colorful ceremony of "La Très Illustre et Très Noble Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin." (London TWB 91142, $4.98.)

★ **SYMPHONY NO. 8 IN D MINOR** (Ralph Vaughan Williams). The first disc version of the great Englishman's latest symphony, done with exceptional style and sympathy by Sir John Barbirolli (to whom it is dedicated) and the fine Hallé orchestra. The impression it makes is measurably superior to that provided by a concert hall hearing from Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra recently. With it Barbirolli provides outstanding interpretations of George Butterworth's "A Shropshire Lad" and Arnold Bax's "Garden of Fand," two English works of proven quality. Superbly rich and evenly textured sound (Mercury MG 50115, $3.98).

★ **HENRY L. MENCKEN,** interviewed by Donald Howe Kirkley, Sr. A cherishable memento of the late sage of Baltimore, made in June 1948, which, say those who knew Mencken, captures his personality with remarkable fidelity. The four sides ramble over a wide range of reminiscence, concerned mostly with Mencken's early years in Baltimore, his beginnings as a newspaperman and his observations on the human animal as he saw him come and go over a long career. (Library of Congress Recording Library, P L18-19).

**"BASTIEN AND BASTIENNE"** (Mozart). A delightful product of Mozart's eleventh year, not previously offered in a version of integrated quality, illuminated by the magical vocal qualities of Rita Streich. Also participating are Richard Holm (remembered from some Metropolitan performances as David in "Meistersinger") and Toni Blankenheim, a smooth-voiced bass-baritone. The Munich Chamber Orchestra is well directed by Christopher Stepp, and the recording is particularly good (Decca DL 9860, $3.98).

**SYMPHONY NO. 9** (Beethoven). The Bayreuth performance under the direction of the late Wilhelm Furtwaengler (August 1951), which was reviewed (from the HMV issue) in RECORDINGS Jan. 28, 1956. The transfer to LP in this RCA Victor release doesn't sound as well as it did on the HMV issue, but the qualities of the performance—a lengthy, and in some ways, ponderous, but nevertheless absorbing one—endure, especially those related to the solo quartet of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Elisabeth Höngen, Hans Hopf, and Otto Edelmann. (RCA Victor LM 6043, $7.94.)

**"DON QUIXOTE"** (Strauss). A successful transcript of the stirring performance heard from Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony (with Frank Miller, cello, Daniel Guilet, violin, and Carlton Cooley, viola) in the broadcast of November 22, 1953. This is the first version by Toscanini of this Strauss tone poem to be issued (RCA Victor LM 2026, $3.98).

**"OEDIPUS REX"** (Stravinsky). Ernest Ansermet's series of Stravinsky "firsts" (he was the conductor at the world premiere on May 30, 1927) continues with a fine sounding version of this imposing score. Ernst Haefliger is the suitable Oedipus, with Helene Bouvier as Jocasta, James Loomis as Creon, and Andre Vessieres as Tiresias. Paul Pasquier delivers the spoken text. Superb sound (London XLL 1273, $4.98).

**DVORAK:** "Slavonic Dances" (opus 46 and 72), Smetana: "Aus meinem Leben." George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. The performance of the total sequence of "Slavonic Dances" is both moody and spirited, a fine tribute to the work Szell has done with his ensemble. However, there are competitive versions of appreciable merit, which cannot be said of his own transcription of the Smetana quartet. It is far more suitably reproduced than in an earlier version for Columbia, permitting the listener to sample the qualities of eloquent thought in a form Smetana didn't invent, but very likely would have endorsed. Brilliant performance, admirably realized in the reproduction. (Epic C 6015, 2 discs, $7.98).

**CONCERTOS FOR TWO PIANOS** (Bach, Mozart). A deserved opportunity, under suitable conditions, for Clara Haskil to show, phonographically, the uncommon qualities of piano mastery and musical comprehension heard at her recent appearances in New York with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Her partner is Geza Anda, who follows her lead in the Bach C major and the Mozart E flat (K. 365). Alceo Galliera conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra (Angel 35380, $4.98). —I. K.

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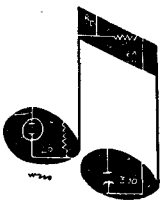
# TREASURES FROM INDIANAPOLIS



RCA Victor has reversed one trend and started what might hopefully be regarded as another by adding to the symbol language by which its records are identified the code: LVT. L of course is Longplay, but it is the VT that means gold to the record buyer—namely, the Vault Treasures which represent its distinguished past. Seeking to service those who are interested (without maintaining widely dispersed stock) it has hit on a new scheme which may do the work.

More of that in a moment. The vexing problem has come about not through the company's unawareness of a responsibility but through the rapid shift of values that induced high and higher fidelity, the growth of a new public to whom the old names are not of the greatest significance, and the enormity of the current stock a dealer must maintain. It is also, in frankness, a consumer service which can't be justified on a profit basis but which such people as George Marek, vice president in charge of albums for RCA Victor, thinks should be available for the more discriminating minority.

Briefly, the procedure is based on one central inventory at RCA's Indianapolis plant. Orders for discs in the VT series can be placed with any authorized dealer from a special catalogue listing all available selections. The customer fills out the required certificate, pays the dealer (VT discs sell at the regular RCA Victor price of $3.98 each), and his order is delivered prepaid from Indianapolis within forty-eight hours after its receipt.

The initial release of some fifty-odd selections is already available under the above-outlined program, and RCA guarantees that no deletions will be made from the initial list for at least a year. After that, there will be revisions every six months, and careful attention will be paid to popular requests. However, Mr. Marek observes, new additions must be justified by a reasonably widespread interest. Many RCA re-issues that were inspired by chains of enthusiastic letters fell lamentably short of expectations. Numbers too slow-moving even by VT standards will eventually have to be retired to make way for new additions to the list. Some of these new additions will undoubtedly come from the ranks of RCA's better sellers of today. The total number of VT issues will be kept at a reasonable maximum. At the same time, certain collector's issues will continue to be released on the popular-priced and briskly selling Camden label.

A glance at the initial list of the Vault Treasures series reveals good planning and careful sifting. While some choices may not quite measure up to the designation of "recordings of great historical and musical interest," all merit this reprieve from extinction.

Topping the list are certain phonographic landmarks that remain—hi-fi notwithstanding—preferred versions for many a music lover. The Vienna recordings of "Der Rosenkavalier" (Lehmann, Schumann, Mayr) and "Die Walküre," Act I (Lehmann, Melchior, Walter) are certainly in this category, as are the Busch-conducted "Marriage of Figaro" (Glyndebourne, 1935) and the Gigli-Caniglia-Pinza Verdi's "Requiem" (Rome, 1939). Of equal historical significance are outstanding performances by artists no longer alive or active, whose legacy is thus adequately documented for future generations: Kreisler and Rachmaninoff in a joint recording of Grieg and Schubert sonatas; two outstanding Schnabel issues (Schubert Impromptus and Beethoven's Fourth Concerto), Furtwängler's reading of Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, and a generous sampling of Koussevitzky discs (including his long-esteemed readings of Berlioz, Prokofieff, Sibelius, and Hanson). A representation of the art of the lamented William Kapell ("Mephisto Waltz" and Prokofieff's Third Concerto) should also be included with this select company of music's elder statesmen.

Another group of VT issues offers memorable matchings of musical minds—a fine Bach disc shared by Menuhin, Enesco, Monteux and Landowska; Beecham and Rubinstein joining forces in Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, and the remarkable series of chamber music recordings that enlisted the participation of Heifetz, Primrose, Feuermann, and Rubinstein. Whether or not these are definitive artistic performances is a matter of individual opinion, but there can hardly be any doubt as to their lasting musical interest.

Other entries attract attention by virtue of the performing artist's stature and authority in the repertory chosen: Horowitz in his unique "Pictures at an Exhibition"; Beecham conducting the music of Delius; and Heifetz's excursions into the unhackneyed concerto realm of Elgar, Walton, and Gruenberg. Here, too, is Toscanini's recording of Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" as well as two other releases of the Maestro that will undoubtedly continue inspiring interest for many years to come.

SOME of the Vault Treasures are of a too recent origin to be classified as "historical" issues. But their retention in the catalog is amply justified on musical grounds. Interestingly enough, the list contains several releases previously issued on His Master's Voice label—a significant fact in the light of RCA's and HMV's parting of the ways.

All told, this is a very impressive list. There are some oversights and inconsistencies, and they will no doubt be pointed out by record collectors. Lest I conclude here on a note of unqualified praise (perish the thought), I might enumerate a few myself. For example, the recording of "Aida" (Rome, 1946) is, in spite of its lustrous cast, only a routine affair. In its place "La Bohème" (1938) would have been a much happier choice, for this was an inspired performance with Gigli still in his prime. An operatic recital on a single LP devoted to the best Gigli recordings seems like another safe bet. In fact, the absence of such a recital from the RCA Victor catalog has puzzled me for the past eight years in view of the tenor's huge following and "commercial" appeal. Likewise, there is surely enough material in the RCA vaults to justify an LP devoted to Feodor Chaliapin. And the art of Fritz Kreisler, similarly, deserves a stronger representation, preferably by the addition of one of his Berlin concert recordings.

Undoubtedly, subsequent revisions of the Vault Treasures list will satisfy many demands and conform to the wishes of a wide group of listeners. RCA Victor deserves praise for launching a program that is clearly in the interest of the music lover. No miracles are expected, and it is therefore unlikely that a great deal of money will be spent on promoting the series. But RCA will retain the Vault Treasures as long as there is "some demand" for them. Thus, their future rests with the record-buying public.

—GEORGE JELLINEK.

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# Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Bach: Concerto in D minor, Concerto in C. Ansbach Bach Festival ensemble conducted by Karl Richter, with soloists. London LL 1445, $3.98. | For those who have heard about the Bach festivals in Ansbach but have not had the opportunity to sample them, these recordings will speak for the high standards of taste and musicianship that prevail. Unfortunately, the more interesting of the two works, the D minor concerto, finds the string ensemble rather overbalancing the thin sounding harpsichord. The balance is better in the C major in which harpsichordist Eduard Müller is joined by conductor-harpsichordist Richter. The string playing has fine verve and breadth throughout. Quality sound. |
| Bach: Concerto in D minor, Concerto in A minor. Solisti di Zagreb, Antonio Janigro conducting. Vanguard BG 562, $4.98. | Whether or not this is the best Bach (and the multiple forms in which each work exists leaves room for doubt) the performances are not quite on the high level of integration and spirit to be found in the ensemble's previous recordings of Mozart and Vivaldi. Andre Lardrot is an able oboist in the D minor (in which Josip Klima is the violinist) as Werner Tripp, flutist, and Anton Heilner, harpsichordist, are in the A minor, but it is Bach playing "by the book," with a rather monotonous sameness. Fine sound. |
| Bach: Suites in C and B minor, D major (Nos. 3 and 4). Kurt Redel conducting the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, Munich. Ducrete-Thomson DTL 93073, $3.98. | Energetic but hardly subtle performances, which take a turn toward the scrambled and inexact when the high trumpets (Nos. 3 and 4) become involved. There are some stimulating details in the B minor (the solo flutist is not identified), but the result is too nondescript for recommendation. Clear recording, with a bass emphasis that may need thinning out on some reproducers. |
| Bernstein: "Serenade." Isaac Stern, violin, with Symphony of the Air conducted by the composer. Columbia ML 5144, $3.98. | The total impression from the recording is not much more sequential than that heard when the work was performed in concert last winter. There are some persuasive moments in the more reflective passages, but the processes of musical thought are elusive, the musical ideas of the faster movements lacking strong contours. Stern performs with eloquent sound even where the sound of eloquence is not in the music. The reproduced values are excellent. |
| Brahms: Concerto in D. Beryl Senofsky, violin, with Rudolf Moralt conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Epic LC 3291, $3.98. | A sturdy finegrained performance by Philadelphia-born Senofsky, enjoying a new wave of prominence in the aftermath of winning the Queen Elizabeth (Belgium) violin competition in 1955. The microphoning makes confident judgment of his tone difficult, the impression being of something smaller than desirable "enhanced." In other respects this performance shows Senofsky to be thorough master of his instrument and the work he plays. Individuality, however, is not in strong evidence. Moralt's background is well drawn, and the reproduction has a strong impact. |
| Kodaly: "Hary Janos" suite. Eduard von Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic LC 3290, $3.98. Ferenc Fricsay conducting the RIAS Symphony, Berlin. Decca LP 9855, $3.98.<br>Stravinsky: "Firebird" suite. Van Beinum-Concertgebouw. "Divertissement." Fricsay-Rias, $3.98. | An odd instance of congruent couplings, with the work common to both discs well-played and brilliantly recorded in each case. However, Van Beinum's "Firebird" is several shades less vivid than various others (especially the Ansermet), whereas the "Baiser de la Fée" music comes off very well in Fricsay's sharply rhythmic, cleanly detailed performance. It is a very acceptable alternative to the recent recording under the composer's direction of the complete ballet score, and thus provides two excellent efforts against the one fine, one fair by Van Beinum. |
| Mendelssohn: "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Ferenc Fricsay conducting the Berlin Philharmonic, with Rita Streich, soprano, and Diana Eustrati. Decca DL 9846, $3.98.<br>Orchestral excerpts only, plus overtures: "Hebrides," "Calm Sea" and "Prosperous Voyage." Sir Adrian Boult conducting. Westminster WXN, 18244, $3.98. | Both reproductions are superior to what has previously been available in these varied approaches to the total of Mendelssohn's writing for the Shakespeare play, but neither has the fantasy or imagination to match previous standards by Toscanini or Beecham. There are many fine details in each, especially in the first-desk men of the German orchestra and the singing by Streich, but the end product is paler than I prefer. The Boult effort with the overtures is cultivated and precise, also handsomely reproduced. |
| Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2. Eugene Malinin, piano, with Otto Ackermann conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35396, $3.98. | If this recording tells the truth about Malinin, Moscow-born in 1930, it would seem a case of premature exposure, certainly for the demands of Rachmaninoff. Indeed, if the quoted statement from London's Daily Express "More piano technique than he knows what to do with" is not wholly true, it seems clear that he doesn't know quite what to do with what he has. Lingering ritards, overdrawn melodic sighs and a lack of real bravura make Rachmaninoff's product flabbier than it need be. Good sound. |
| Saint-Saens: Concertos No. 2 and 4. Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, with orchestra conducted by Louis Fourestier. Capitol P 18036, $3.98. | Mme. Darré has swift fluency at her command and a sound feeling for this idiom (which means for the Franck-Fauré style of writing) if less than the power to make the desired effect with the climaxes, especially in the G minor (No. 2). On its small scale, it is deft, polished performance. Orchestra and piano are both well reproduced. |
| Schubert: Symphony in B minor, Mozart: Symphony No. 35 ("Haffner"). Carl Schuricht conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LL 1534, $3.98. | Two absorbing examples of the kind of playing the Vienna Philharmonic is doing under Schuricht in its current American tour. The first movement of the "Unfinished" is a little prosaic and lacking in poetry, but the second is beautifully managed, with outstanding work by the solo horn, oboe, etc. The "Haffner" is sparkling from first to last, with all the choirs shown at their resonant best by the reproduction. |
| Strauss, Johann and Josef: "Emperor," "Artist's Life" and "Blue Danube" waltzes, "Gypsy Baron" overture, "Delirien" and "Pizzicato" polkas. Herbert van Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35342, $4.98. | Considering the pleasure provided by Bruno Walter's recently issued Strauss collection (Recordings, September 29) it hardly seemed possible that another selection of comparable quality would come our way so soon. However this is one of the best of all Karajan recordings, attesting to all out concern for detail in such a score as the "Emperor" waltz or the "Gypsy Baron." At length, in the "Blue Danube" we have not so much a performance as a dissection, but we can always go back to Walter's version at this point. Otherwise, a choice sample of orchestral adaptability. Big sound. |
| Strauss, R: "Der Rosenkavalier" suite, "Till Eulenspiegel." Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50099, $3.98. | This month's lease-breaker, with some wrist-flicking by the engineers to bring the brass and percussion into the listener's lap at the climaxes. They could hardly stand out thus otherwise, according to the stated description of the one-microphone technique. Dorati's "Rosenkavalier" melange is made up of sections of his own choice, giving it a separate identity vis-a-vis other suites. The materials are agreeable enough but, as in the "Eulenspiegel" performance, the shocker technique is destructive to musical continuity and good proportions. —Irving Kolodin. |

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# HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS

"BEECHAM's Pills Are Just the Thing" was once a famous second line coupled with the above, but "For Christmas, Just About Anything" would be more suitable in view of today's abundance of recordings devoted to the holiday season. As anybody with a radio knows, the kinds of holiday music are infinite in range, the possibilities of pleasure or irritation equally extensive. Hence, the pre-judging possible with a record eliminates at least two kinds of annoyance: a sudden switch in mood, the intrusion of a jarring commercial.

At the top of the list of new items this year is a Montilla record (FM 84) titled "Villancicos Navidenos," in which Salvador Ruiz de Luna, a Spanish composer, has created a dozen "original" carols in the folk style suitable to Argentina, Mexico, Chile, Aragon, Peru, and various other localities. The mood is considerably more animated, the style decidedly more "popular" than we are accustomed to associate with the season, but it is all musically delightful as interpreted by Luisa de Cordoba. Such exotic instruments as the *hierros* (irons), *pandereta* (ratchets), *cantaro* (timbrels), and *zambomba* (drums) add their own colorful suggestion to the orchestral background.

Also uncommon and welcome is Alfred Deller's "The Holly and the Ivy" (Vanguard VRS 499, $4.98) in which the favorite counter-tenor has assembled twenty-odd of the best-known English carols—and some not so well known—for performance in conjunction with his "consort" (a trio of singers, also Desmond Dupré, lute, and Stanley Taylor, recorder). In addition to the scope of the material presented, the level of artistry is much higher than has been heard sometimes in past endeavors of the sort.

For those who prefer a spoken narrative of the Nativity with their carols, Westminster has made an excellent addition to the catalogue of "standards" by appointing Basil Rathbone to read the appropriate excerpts from the Bible, interwoven with a sequence of carols performed by the Randolph Singers, the Choir of King's College Chapel directed by Boris Ord, La Chorale du Lycée Francais de New York conducted by Sylvia Durieux, and excerpts from Bach's "Orgelbüchlein" performed by Carl Weinrich on the organ of Skänninge, Sweden. It may be noted, in passing, that the musical contents seem to be assembled from other Westminster issues, comprising a kind of Christmas sampler, but the end product is illuminated by Rathbone's sensitive, well-phrased reading of the text.

In line with the foregoing it may be mentioned that the Choir of King's College may be heard on a disc of its own (Westminster WP 6036, $3.98) titled "A Festival of Lessons and Carols." Incorporated with the musical sequence of processional hymn, Invitatory, carols, and closing hymn are prayers and lessons delivered by the Provost of King's College, Sir John Sheppard, and various fellows. This, of course, has a sectarian aspect absent in other, less formalized collections. The recording, it may be noted, is particularly good.

Whether thanks are in order or not,

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# Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Albeniz: "Seis Bailes de España." Pilar Lopez with the Spanish Symphony Orchestra conducted by José Franco. Capitol P 18020, $3.98. | Memories of the fabled Argentinita are aroused by these performances in which her sister Pilar Lopez is the principal dancer. The music is well enough played, but the distinctive element is the rhythmic counterpoint provided by the *zapataedo, taconeo* and other audible elements of Spanish dance. Overside Luis Maravilla's guitar is a powerful impulse in a series of Andalusian dances. |
| Bach: Goldberg Variations. James Friskin, piano. Vanguard BG 558, $4.98. | As phonograph listeners are somewhat belatedly discovering, Friskin is at the very top of any list of contemporary Bach players, as those who recall his appearances with Harold Samuels in the 1920s will attest. Here he performs with a superb blending of insight and expressiveness in a treatment of this music which must add to appreciation of it. Not least important is the clarity and finesse of his piano sound, beautifully conveyed by the reproduction. |
| Beethoven: Quartet in C sharp minor, Op. 131. The Koeckert Quartet. Decca DL 9863, $3.98. | Musicality and ensemble craft are strongly evident in this thoughtful performance, which is successfully reproduced. It begins and ends well, but the middle movements do not rise to the eloquence of the musical expression. There is no fault to be found with what the Koeckert-led ensemble does, but it fails to go far enough. |
| Boccherini: Trios in G minor (opus 9, No. 5), G major (opus 38, No. 5), and Quartets in A (opus 39, No. 8) and "La Tiranna." Carmirelli Quartet. London LL 1454, $3.98. | Absorbing specimens of the master's works, somewhat unvarying in manner, but with an abundance of invention to sustain interest. The two quartets are especially worth knowing, but the trios are also interesting forerunners of later writing by Beethoven, Dvorak, etc. Finally, a word of praise for the excellent ensemble, which has the finegrained texture of the best Italian string players and a broader sense of style than most. Very good sound. |
| Brahms: Trio in E flat, opus 40. L. Kogan, violin, E. Gilels, piano, and Jacob Shapiro, French horn. Haydn: Trio in D (No. 30). Kogan, Gilels, and Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. Westminster 000, $3.98. | Two interesting performances from Russia, especially for the sound of the Shapiro horn, which is of a timbre all its own. At moments it has the broad sweep of the saxophone, at others an almost vocal legato. It is always artistically utilized, in an ensemble of sound musicality. (Gilels's tonal production tends to overbalance his associates.) The Haydn is well-played, but not notable for musical content. Better than average USSR sound. |
| Fauré: "Elegie," "Papillon," "Après un Rêve," and "Serenade," also seven other short works. André Navarra, cello, with Jacqueline Dussol, piano. Capitol P 18023, $3.98. | In richness and detail, Navarra's tone is as fine as any cellist's of the day, and he applies it to his chosen repertory with a high sense of artistry. The Fauré pieces make an agreeable sequence, but there is interest in each of the others: Ravel's "Piece in form of a Habanera," a Mendelssohn "Song without Words," (Op. 109), a Dvorak "Rondo," Tchaikovsky's "Pezzo Capriccioso," Francoeur's "Largo and Allegro vivo," Paganini's variations on a theme from Rossini's "Moses" and, needless to say "The Swan." Vivid reproduction. |
| Granados: "Danzas Espanolas." Gonzalvo Soriano, piano. Ducrete Thomson DTL 93101, $4.98. | Soriano makes a better impression on this disc than he left with a New York Philharmonic-Symphony appearance in February 1951, but he still shows some erratic tendencies. Among them are an inclination to extremes of pace, and a percussive piano sound. Withal, the disc comes recommended as a "Grand Prix du Disque" for 1956. It is well recorded. |
| Ravel: "La Valse," "Mother Goose" suite, "Bolero." Debussy: "Nuages," "Fetes." Arthur Ferrante and Louis Teicher, duo-pianists. Westminster XWN 18219, $3.98. | May I confess I did not listen to this version of "Bolero," deeming a two-piano version (even by the composer himself) of work written as an orchestral tour de force too absurd for serious consideration? The other works are methodically, thoroughly and a little mechanically performed, the team doing its best work in "La Valse." Superior piano reproduction. |
| Ravel: Sonata, Tzigane and "Piece in form of a Habanera," and three other short works. Devy Erlih, violin, with Maurice Bureau, piano. Ducret-et-Thomson DTL 93106, $4.98. | Aside from a rather small tone (as disclosed in the Kreisler "Praeludium and Allegro") Erlih is a fine example of French-schooled discipline in violin playing. Even here, his finesse in phrasing makes up for the want of the big sound. The Ravel works are beautifully played, with Bureau providing able assistance. Also offered are Falla's Dance from "La Vida Breve," and Albeniz's "Tango in D." |
| Schubert: Sonata in C minor (opus posth.), "Moments Musicaux" Op. 94. Leonard Shure, piano. Epic LC 3629, $3.98. | Nothing too much has been heard lately about Shure, who had a considerable prominence in the Thirties as one of the most promising of Schnabel's artist-pupils. His present effort shows that his artistic aims are still high, his level of endeavor akin to that of his mentor. However, "aim" and "endeavor" are subject to evaluation in terms of accomplishment. Shure's success is greater with the intellectual matter of the music than the emotional, the freshness of feeling in the "Moments Musicaux" somewhat restrained. Good piano sound. |
| Schubert: "Eine kleine Trauermusik." Minuet and Finale (F major): Gounod: Little Symphony in B minor. Wind Ensemble conducted by Pierre Poulteau. London LL 1407, $3.98. | Unusual repertory, beautifully performed by the skilled players under the direction of Poulteau. The early (1813) "Trauermusik" is an amazing foreshadowing of the strain in Schubert's nature which later produced so many sombre masterpieces. The additional movements are also of singular quality. Not so much can be said for the Gounod, whose patterns are interesting largely for the solo opportunities afforded the excellent clarinet, oboe, flute, etc. players. Superb sound. |
| Schumann: Sonata in A minor. Brahms: Sonata in D minor. Szymon Goldberg, violin, with Artur Balsam, piano. Decca DL 9721, $3.98. | The finesse of Goldberg, his sense both of the sound and sentiment of the music he is playing makes for highly satisfying results in these works. The Schumann is a special instance of superior understanding, for it is not a work whose every note and phrase has a predetermined place as in the much-played Brahms. Balsam's collaboration is on a fine level of comprehension, though a bolder gesture, a stronger sortie now and then, would be welcome. Fine sound. |
| Vaughan Williams: "On Wenlock Edge." George Maran, tenor, with the London String Quartet and Ivor Newton, piano. Various songs. London LL 1406, $3.98.<br>"On Wenlock Edge." Alexander Young, tenor, with the Sebastian String Quartet and Gordon Watson, piano. "Pilgrim's Progress" excerpts. Westminster XWN 18097, $3.98. | Either of these versions would be acceptable were there no other, but there are comparative values in the Maran performance not to be equalled by Young. One is the sheer beauty of the voice, one of the most promising to be turned up by the phonograph lately, and the other is the poetic sensitivity of the singer. Vaughn Williams fanciers will doubtless prefer the disc with a second side of his music also, in which John Cameron, Iris Kells and Patricia Bartlett are variable soloists. More of Maran finds him an excellent sound if a somewhat quiet temperament for such songs as Brahms' "Minnelied," Grieg's and Beethoven's "Ich liebe dich," the Schubert "Ständchen," etc. —I. K. |

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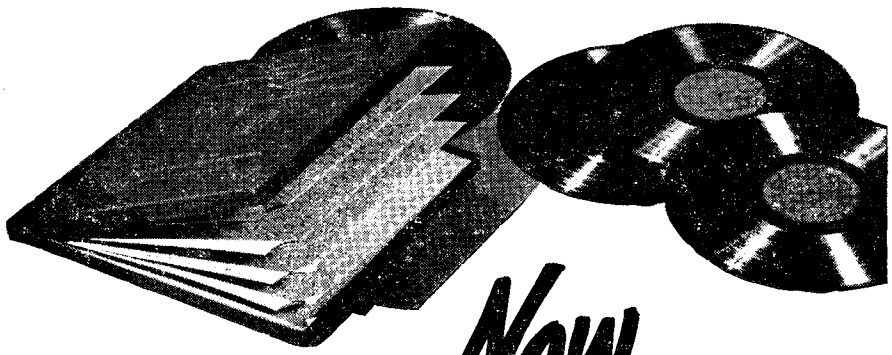
the recording industry has also made it possible to spend Christmas Eve with Spike Jones (Verve MGV 2021, $3.98), Jackie Gleason (Capitol W 758, $4.98), or even Lawrence Welk and his "champagne" music (Coral 57093, $3.98). Gleason and Welk restrain themselves to the popular aspects of the Christmas literature ("Winter Wonderland," "White," "I'll Be Home for," etc.) but Jones disc spikes such carols as "Joy to the World" and "O Come All Ye Faithful." Gleason's disc could be called "Music to Drowse By," but he achieves the aim he aims for, even when it includes an electric celeste howling in the background like a well-trained banshee. Electronics also raises its non-traditional head in "Carillon for Christmas" (Westminster WP 6020, $3.98) in which Robert Owen plays the organ of the First Baptist Church in Rochester, New York, while Robert Locksmith performs on the Stromberg-Carlson Flemish Master Carillon. This might be titled "Music Made Possible Because You've Paid Your Electric Bill," but its effect is somewhat offset by the inclination of instrument to vary in pitch from its organic partner.

AND if you can't get into the Radio City Music Hall on Christmas, you can simulate part of the experience at home via "Christmas at Radio City," in which Dick Leibert does typically multicolored things on the organ with "We Three Kings of Orient Are," "Adeste Fideles," "Silent Night," "Deck the Halls," etc. (Westminster WP 6035, $3.98). Finally, the industrious pair of Ferrante and Teicher have contrived a record exclusively for the hi-fi addict's Christmas stocking (assuming that he owns one, after buying all the latest equipment). Technically, they are a two-piano team, but practically speaking they will tweat, rap, scrape, or agitate any part of the piano (also the celeste) to make a sound different from the listener's expectation in Anderson's "Sleigh Ride," "Good King Wenceslas," or "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" (which gives some idea of the scope of this enterprise). As a test piece for a new component, it has its undoubted uses, and will hold its own till someone comes up with a Steel Band Christmas Record.

Of course, the story of Christmas records is not confined to this year's issues. They have been accumulating for the past four or five years, and include some that have attained the status of perennial favorites. Everyone will have his own list of favorites, but there will be general agreement on the following:

A notable creation of the last decade, Benjamin Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols" is best heard under the composer's direction on London LD-9102, while the perennial "Amahl and the Night Visitors" may be heard with the original television cast under Thomas Schippers on RCA Victor LM 1701. For tasteful choral singing my preference remains with the Robert Shaw Chorale on Victor LM—1112, 1711, or if a solo voice is preferred, Marian Anderson's on Victor LM 7008. Seasonal music, if not wholly of Chirstmas asociation, is superbly served by the voices of McCormack and Caruso in the reissues of Victor LCT 1121. The classic versions of Dicken's "Christmas Carol" remain those of Lionel Barrymore on MGM—3222 and Basil Rathbone on Columbia ML—4081. The list could be extended indefinitely, but it wouldn't be complete without the fine collection of Vivald,i Corelli, etc., by the Virtuosi di Roma on Decca 9649.

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# Recordings Reports III: Jazz on LPs

| PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Clifford Brown and Max Roach at Basin Street. Emarcy MG-36070, $3.98.<br>Kenny Dorham and the Jazz Prophets. ABC-Paramount ABC 122, $3.98.<br>The Jazz Messengers. Columbia CL 897, $3.98. | These three recordings are excellent examples of an increasingly influential and relatively new current in modern jazz that is often described as "hard bop." Its leaders (men like Art Blakey, Max Roach, Sonny Stitt, and Kenny Dorham) were either apprentices or full-fledged practitioners in the early days of bop, and, as a result, they have bequeathed a way of jazz that is as uncompromising as it is zealous and yet that is—in spite of certain modern decorations—strangely reactionary. Stylistically, it includes the use of many notes (the drummers, in particular, are never still); middle or up tempos (the rhythms on slow tempos are often reminiscent of fat men giggling); hard, biting tones; unison or simple counterpoint in ensembles, which are used as no more than bookends for inordinately long solos; an instrumentation often similar to that found on all three of these records (trumpet, tenor, piano, bass, and drums); and, in general, an attack that is full of a fury and hotness that at times suggests some sort of extra-musical source or inspiration. The demonstrations here are profuse. Blakey's Niagara-like drumming, the late Clifford Brown's floridness, Horace Silver's aggressively percussive piano, and Sonny Rollin's brassy tenor saxophone. Of importance, too, is the lack of individuality common among the hard-bopsters: heard for the first time by an uninitiated listener, all three groups would be undistinguishable. Also present here on (1) are the late Richie Powell and George Morrow, on (2) J. R. Monterose, D. Katz, S. Jones and A. Edgehill, and on (3) D. Byrd, H. Mobley, and D. Watkins. |
| Candido: Featuring Al Cohn. ABC-Paramount ABC 125, $3.98. | Candido Camera, the great thirty-five-year-old Cuban drummer, in a sufficient, if rather unimaginative setting, which includes eight standards and two originals and the company of A. Cohn, J. Puma, D. Katz, Teddy Sommers, and Whitey Mitchell. The high spots are Candido's drumming, which might have been even more rewarding if the frameworks had been aimed toward rhythmical rather than melodic ends. |
| Ellis in Wonderland. Norgran MG N-1081, $3.98. | A pleasing but peculiarly evanescent record. On hand with guitarist Herb Ellis are Jimmy Giuffre, H. Edison, C. Mariano, O. Peterson, R. Brown, and A. Stoller. The three standards and five originals all appear to be marked in one way or another with the soft but imaginative hand of Giuffre, who contributes one of the originals, and as a result the structures are often more than ordinary and the solos generally good. Yet, there are no specifics, good or bad, to lay hold of with the mind, and when the record is over, it vanishes. |
| The Swinging Guitar of Tal Farlow. American Recording Society G-418, available to members only, at approximately $3.98. | This newest jazz selection from the generally top-level American Recording Society displays to perfect advantage the Tal Farlow trio, which includes Eddie Costa on piano and Vinnie Burke on bass. Farlow plays with far more gristle than he often has in the past, Burke is a strong and highly articulate bassist, and Costa is the most impressive jazz pianist to appear in years. His exhilarating style-plunging, florid lines, a strong left hand, a fantastic sense of rhythm—has been eulogized on this page before, and this is the best recording it has received yet. Six standards and one original. Highly recommended. |
| Concert By the Sea: Erroll Garner. Columbia CL 883, $3.98. | The eight standards and two originals here provide about as thorough and variegated a set of examples as we have yet been given on record of the joys and delights of Garner's piano. *E. Calhoun is on bass, and Denzil Best drums. Recorded at a concert given not long ago at* Carmel, California. |
| Dizzy Gillespie: World Statesman. Norgran MG N-1084, $3.98. | A somewhat patchy but nevertheless representative recording of the sixteen-piece band which Gillespie took to the Middle East last spring. The personnel includes, among others, J. Gordon, Q. Jones, Melba Liston, F. Rehack, P. Woods, C. Persip, E. Wilkins, M. Flax, and B. Mitchell. The six originals and four standards have been arranged by Jones, Wilkins, Gillespie, Miss Liston, and A. K. Salim, and they range from an uptempo explosion called "The Champ," to a couple of undistinguished ballads. The nub of the record, however, is built around some easy blues where the soloists, who include Gordon, Woods, Walter Davis, and Gillespie, shine. Probably the most persuasive big jazz band to have come along since some of the later editions of the Herman Herd. Recommended. |
| Do Nothin' 'Til You Hear From Me: Ellis Larkins in an Ellington Mood. Storyville STLP 913, $3.98. | Ellis Larkins, the mauve, Debussy-like pianist, in eleven Ellington tunes, accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer. Larkins often gives the impression of being afflicted with a kind of complete musical introversion which forces him to soften and blur (by using a lot of pedal and an almost strictly chordal attack) all the materials he comes in contact with. If the results are always serene, they are sometimes somnolent, too. |
| The Midgets: The Joe Newman Septet. Vik LX-1060, $3.98. | A thoroughly agreeable date that features in ensemble and solo the timbres of Frank Wess' flute, Newman's muted trumpet. B. Galbraith, Hank Jones, F. Green, E. Jones, and O. Johnson are also present on the nine originals and two standards, all of which were arranged by Ernie Wilkins. Diverting. |
| The Herbie Nichols Trio. Blue Note 1519, $4.98. | Herbie Nichols is the thirty-seven-year-old pianist who got started in the early Forties with Thelonius Monk, and whose style bears many of the same characteristics as Monk's—loose, dissonant chords, ragged melodic lines, gappy rhythms. Nichols, though, has more of an immediate sense of rhythm, an unquenchable and unsarcastic sense of humor, and a genuine gift for composing programmatic melodies. There are nine of his originals here and one standard, and he is accompanied by M. Roach and A. McKibbon or T. Kotick. Recommended. |
| *George Wettling's High Fidelity* Rhythms. Weathers W-5501, $5.95. | *This odd and appealing record was made in New York in the summer of 1955, and it features* Jonah Jones, Bud Freeman, Dave Bowman, George Barnes, and Milt Hinton. Jones appears on about half of the ten selections (seven standards, two blues, and a drum solo), and Freeman on all but the two piano solos by Bowman. All in all, the solo work of the group is the best they have recorded in many years (Jones and Freeman in particular), and there is a relaxed, afternoon air about the record that is startlingly reminiscent of some of the late Thirties small band sides by Condon and Hampton. Wettling himself has never sounded better and on a medium blues entitled "Is George Really George?" takes some stunning four-bar breaks.<br>—Whitney Balliett. |

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# "Boris" from Belgrade

I HAVE a faint suspicion that this Yugoslav production of "Boris Godunov" (London XLLA 31, $14.94) belongs to the series of Russian operas recorded by London FFrr a few years ago. In November of last year I had the unpleasant duty to say (in this publication) what I thought of the other two operas presented by the Yugoslavs: "Prince Igor" and "Khovanshchina." I pointed out then, as I have to do again, the low standard of the Belgrade Opera orchestra, the inadequacy of the cast, and above all the unforgivable massacre of the musical phrases. The Yugoslavs insist upon performing these operas in Russian. As I said then, it is particularly inexcusable in their case, for they could, if properly coached, easily overcome what seem to be difficulties in the Russian language. They do not know how to pronounce the soft Russian *e* or the hard *l*, and they slur or chop the words.

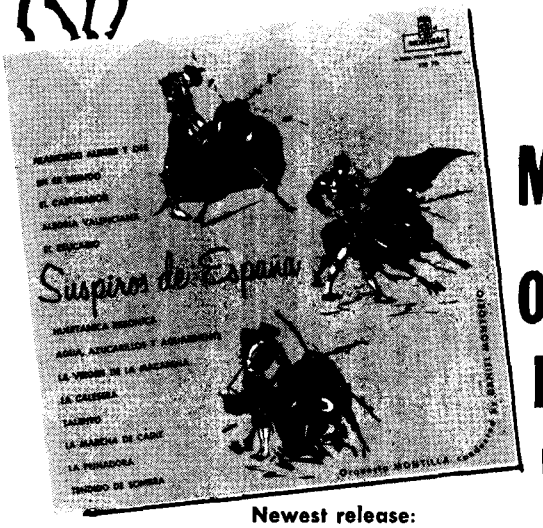
I regret even more to speak about it now, because this past summer I attended the Drama and Music Festival in Dubrovnik and saw and heard many productions from their own literature, which have admirable qualities and deserve to be heard outside of Yugoslavia.

The role of "Boris" has been always regarded by the bassos, particularly in the Slavic countries, as the supreme test of their vocal and dramatic abilities. While alive, Chaliapin towered above all other bassos, and still does in the memories of those who have not heard Boris Christoff. Miroslav Cangalovich, the thirty-five-year-old Yugoslav, sings the title role in this recording. Although he is the best in the cast, he can not challenge Christoff. (At his recent New York debut he displayed a close acquaintance with Chaliapin's recordings, but not the outstanding qualities of his own voice and interpretation.) It is hard, I admit, to take the color out of "Boris," but neither Cangalovich nor the supporting cast seems capable of projecting the powerful drama of Moussorgsky's masterpiece.

While I understand the commercial value of these three operas as "the only complete on records," I can not see the virtue of offering second-rate performances. Why not record some of Yugoslavia's own music? Or do the London FFrr people believe that Yugoslavs are so close to the Russians? Well, they are not that close.

—VICTOR SEROFF.


Christmas in Spain

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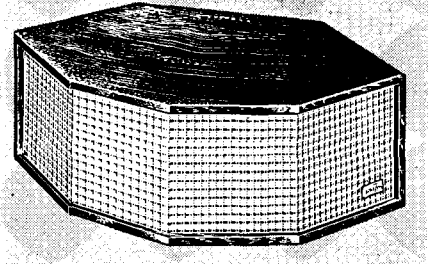

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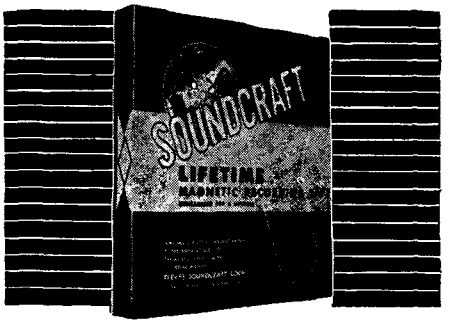


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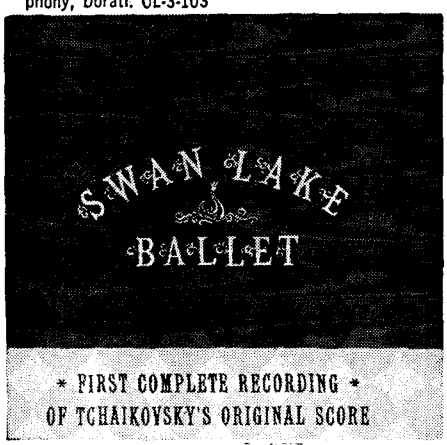


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# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER—II

By ADELE FRANKLIN

FAMILIES who listen and enjoy music together will find that as the children approach adolescence they will be increasingly interested in Jazz, Bebop, Rock and Roll and other fads in popular music including Elvis Presley. Strangely enough, they will continue to enjoy classical music unless their taste for popular music is scorned by the adults. Mutual respect for likes and dislikes are the surest road to family harmony.

All youngsters should be exposed to the whole gamut of music literature from classical to modern and contemporary music. Young people enjoy good solo playing on the piano or on the violin by fine artists. Folk music has already been referred to as appealing to all ages. Other vocalists both singing in opera and lieder add variety and spice to the musical diet. There are also available many excellent recordings of light opera. Gilbert and Sullivan, Victor Herbert, Johann Strauss, Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, Jerome Kern, Noel Coward, Sigmund Romberg, Friml, Cole Porter, Franz Lehar, and

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| **Noel Coward** | "Peter and the Wolf" and "Carnival of the Animals" | Golden LP GR C-1<br>Columbia CL 720 | 3.95<br>3.95 |
| **Danny Kaye** | "Tubby the Tuba" | Decca LP CU 106 | 2.10 |
| **Von Karajan** | "Hansel and Gretel" | Angel B3506R | 10.98 |
| **Karloff, Boris** | "Just So Stories" and "Other Tales" | Caedmon TC 1038 | 5.98 |
| **Autry, Gene** | "Western Adventures" | Columbia LP CL 677 | 3.98 |
| **Belafonte, Harry** | "Mark Twain and Other Folk Favorites"<br>"Ballads of the American Revolution"<br>V1 1763-1775<br>V2 1776-1781<br>1763-1781 | Victor LP M1022<br>Folkways LP<br>FP 48-1<br>FP 48-2<br>FP 5001 | 3.98<br><br>2.98<br>2.98<br>2.98 |
| **Bennett, Richard Dyer** | American Folk Music Series | Decca DLP 5046 | 2.98 |
| **Cohen, Gamliel** | "Chanukah Music Box" | Kinor | 4.45 |
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| **Von Karajan** | "Ballet Music from the Opera" (Britten) | Angel 35307 | 4.98 |
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| **Bernstein, Leonard** | "Billy the Kid," "Ballet Suite" (Copland) | Vic. 1031 | 3.98 |
| **Toscanini** | "New World" Symphony | Vic. LM 1778 | 3.98 |
| **Fassett, Jim** | "Symphony of the Birds" | Ficker | 5.95 |
| **Kurtz, Efrem** | "Gayne" Ballet | Col. ML 714 | 3.98 |
| **Menotti, Gian-Carlo** | "Amahl and the Night Visitors" | Vic. LM 1701 | 3.98 |
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Jacques Offenbach are among some of the best. The musical scores for the movies are well worth a place in any comprehensive music library, and some interesting band music will be popular with many young people.

A very interesting record, that is unusual both musically and because of the ingenuity of the presentation, is Fassett's "Symphony of the Birds" recorded by Ficker. Saul Goodman's "Bell, Drum, and Cymbal" recorded by Angel will be popular with most teenagers, especially those who are in school orchestras (Angel 35269).

The following titles are suggestive for a well-rounded record library. It is impossible to select one composition of many of these composers. However, the titles included are those that have been enjoyed by many youngsters who have been exposed to hearing music without necessarily having had a formal music education.

Space does not permit the inclusion of the many excellent recordings of plays and books. An amusing collection for a less serious gift is "Practical Cats" read by Robert Donat with music by Alan Rawsthorne, an Angel Recording (Angel 30002).

For special Christmas music that is a little different, Westminster Recording has a very fine series of exceptional carols. Angel has recorded the Obernkirchen Children's Choir. The Robert Shaw Chorals put out by Victor are also extremely good. The Victor recording of "Amahl and the Night Visitors" will appeal not only to those who have seen it on television, but to all who enjoy a sensitive Christmas opera.

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BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("Eroica"). Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel 35328, $3.98.

THE first movement of this performance lacks the dynamic quality provided by Toscanini, but what follows is in every way worthy of attention. It could be, in the light of Klemperer's treatment of the scherzo and finale, that he has a keener sense of history than most conductors—that is to say, he sees it, still, on an ascending line from the Second to the Fourth Symphonies and resists applying the weight of sound appropriate to the Fifth, Seventh, or Ninth. That the performance can stimulate thoughts of the sort is testimony to the conductor's success in conveying a strong personal view of the subject, founded where any worthwhile conception must begin: in the score itself. The funeral march is superbly delivered, and the quality of sound accords well with the conductor's ground plan.


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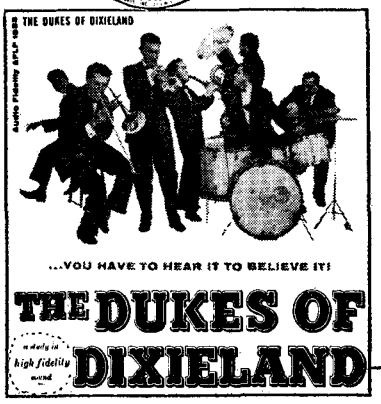


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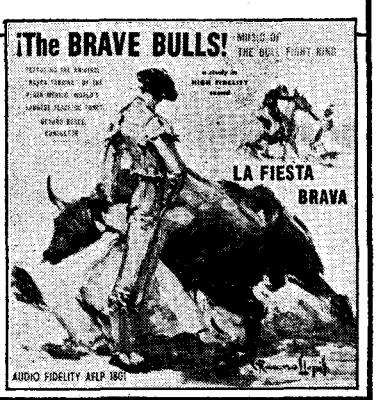


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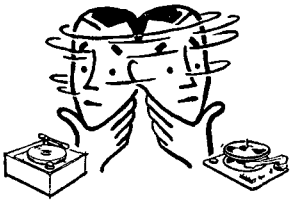

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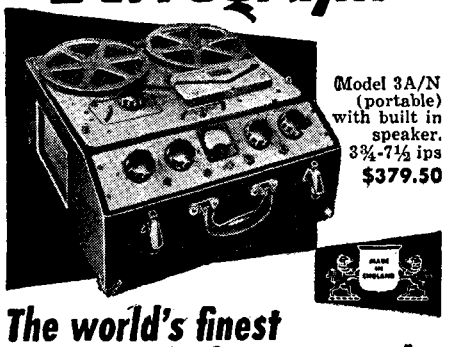

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# NY Ballet in Denmark

By Kelvin Lindemann

COPENHAGEN.

WE DANES like to think of ourselves as a nation of ballet connoisseurs. We have a Royal ballet with an old and not ill-favored tradition, its roots sunk in our constitutional history of monarchial government. When foreigners tell us how awfully good we are and ask how ever we did it, we are apt to answer that the rules are the same as for making lawns: Just keep on mowing and rolling for two or three hundred years and everything will come out all right.

New York City Ballet, founded, if memory serves, in 1947 or 1948, has just visited Copenhagen and shown twelve of their ballets at our Kongelige Teater. It would be permissible to doubt that such a short span of years could ripen a group of dancers into a corps-de-ballet. However, any Copenhagener harboring such thoughts received blow after blow during the few evenings of the American festival, and after seeing all twelve ballets one might well ask himself if much of our beloved traditionalism simply is not provincialism?

It is true that foreign dancers proficient in another style make us acutely conscious of our own limitations. But with the American dancers it was not a question of doing this or that a little different. What took our breath away from the very first moment was something more than a foreign tang. It was everything, the extravagant variety of the choreography, the wealth of innovation, the happy musicality, the sheer joy in dancing.

Comparisons can be opportune. Some American critics were not very much impressed by the Royal Danish Ballet Corps's work during its recent visit to the States, while the young owls brought to the Danish Athens were a tremendous hit. I do not believe that the reason is that our particular form of ballet is equipped with a built-in decline. It boils down to one interesting fact: While we for the moment have not got a single choreographer worth his salt, the American ballet is gushing with creative genius.

Many a Copenhagener will for years remember the performances of Mr. Balanchine's "The Prodigal Son" and Mr. Jerome Robbins's "Afternoon of a Faun." Both are highly individual works of art, genuinely modern. But their modernism is not just a cerebral challenge to a supposedly dull-witted audience. They are novel in their outer expressions because their creators want to express human experience that has not been expressed in

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ballet before. Your physical response, whether a dryness of the throat or rats' feet down your spine, tells you that the artist has succeeded.

These brilliant dancers and ballerinas have left us again—with the exception of Miss Tanaquil LeClercq, the wife of Mr. Balanchine, who after performing in "Afternoon of a Faun" was taken to a Copenhagen hospital with symptoms of polio. Just before posting this article I contacted the Royal Theatre's director. It is a great relief to us all here that it can be reported that this charming and unforgettable dancer definitely is on her way to recovery.

---

CHARPENTIER: *"Louise." Jean Fournet conducting, with Berthe Monmart, Andre Laroz, Louis Musy, and Solange Michel.* Epic SC 6018, $14.94.

JUST in time for anybody's gift list is this superb-sounding new version of Charpentier's "Louise," the first on LP and the first "complete" ever. I wouldn't say that anything in it matches the artistry of Ninon Vallin in the famous abridgement reissued on Columbia's Entree label, but it adds to so much more of the totality in the score as to provide all over again for an appraisal of Charpentier's accomplishment.

The principal contributor to this is conductor Fournet, who has a strong idea of the orchestral color in this score and doesn't hesitate to validate it in his performance. It is, indeed, a much more vivid experience than was provided by his Parisian colleague Louis Fourrestier when the work was last given at the Metropolitan. In the mood-painting orchestral interludes as well as in the running commentary on the work of the vocalists, Fournet shows a keen understanding of the idiom and a high degree of artistic purpose.

He has sound material to work with in Monmart and Laroz, though in both cases the voices are strong and penetrating, rather than seductive or velvety. However, Monmart is an artistic singer, whose "Depuis le jour" is merely a well-phrased high spot in a performance that is vigorous and personalized throughout. Often enough the voice loses resonance and color when hard pushed, but it is a good instrument for Fournet's purpose. The rest of the cast is in the same useful, if not distinguished, category, the whole endeavor glamorized by Epic's full-focused, wide range recording. A folio with explanatory comments by Francois Agostini, director of the Opera Comique, Gustave Samazeuilh, and Jean Desternes is provided, likewise the text, in French, English, and German. —I. K.

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## BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

### American Plan

WE HAVE been to Chicago to attend the World Travel Congress of the American Society of Travel Agents, and have we ever a thing or two to say about that. The travel agents, or whoever makes reservations for travel agents, picked Election Week, a perfectly dandy time to leave home. Moreover, they picked a hotel yclept the Morrison, a perfectly dandy place to leave home for. The clerks were so busy stuffing the mailboxes with pamphlets about El Collapso Hotel and Cottage Colony in East Upchuck, Wisconsin, that one couldn't come by one's key. And once a key had been secured it was an all-day trip until one had secured an elevator and mounted to one's room. The chambers were newly decorated (during the election week of President McKinley) in a three-dimensional paint that peeled from the walls in great graceful curves.

The lobby was crawling with some of the great hotelmen of Europe. We noticed, among others, Alfonso Font of the Palace in Madrid, Max Blouet of the George V in Paris, Armando Armanni of the Excelsior in Rome. Most of the time they were surrounded by excited Americans assuring them that this *isn't* the way we run our hotels here, and please don't get that idea when we come over there. It's going to be harder for an American to make a complaint in a European hotel now, much less the rest of the world. See your travel agent.

* * *

FROM Chicago many of the hotel men, and we, repaired to New York, where a hotel show was in progress in New York's new shining Coliseum. Inside the hall a man was dropping beets down an automatic dispenser equipped with a transparent drainpipe; lobsters crawled about in Neptune lobster tanks; Omega coffee espresso machines were hissing out cups of free ink; and Miss Spoonomat, a lady in a tutu and black stockings and long black locks, was spinning her spoonomat in a pitcher of green goo and saying, "Spoonomat mixes faster, blends better, whips thoroughly, beats perfectly." Besides that, chunks of beef and whole chickens were turning on a barbecue spit just like our delicatessen's window; a fellow was exercising with the Roll-o-matic mop, which is self-wringing; and a lady was saying in our ear, "This is the new nozzle drier. Two people can dry at the same time. It is thoroughly tested against destruction. It's tamper-proof. It costs $160 for a two-nozzle drier and $120 for one nozzle. I will give you a demonstration." She pushed a button and the drier purred. "This is the way we dry our hands, dry our hands, dry our hands," the lady sang. "We also manufacture emergency electrical equipment," she said.

It is going to be an electrical world once you leave home, we decided. For one thing, the Bell Telephone people were on hand peddling a telephone with a light. Picture this: You are asleep. You have left word not to be awakened until nine A.M. No calls. However, call comes in. Operator doesn't ring your room. By remote control she lights the light on your phone. When you wake up you don't have to go to all the trouble of picking up the receiver to *ask* whether there have been any calls. You *know*. Or, picture this: You are out. Operator takes message for you. You come back to room, look at telephone. Light's lit. Bingo. You have message. Hotel didn't have to send bellhop to Room 2305 with duplicate of message they had already placed in your box.

The telephone people who have the light thing installed on five floors of the Waldorf Astoria were also peddling a recording device that takes twenty messages of thirty seconds each. It is handy for getting the word to the valet when the valet has already gone home. Hotels can now install room phones in eight delicious flavors: red, brown, beige, blue, tan, green, yellow, and gray.

We were pretty well awed, too, by the new Toastmaster with Powermatic: "It actually takes the bread right out of your fingers." What's more, dependable electric motors lower the bread automatically, which saves time and labor. Man said so. But what knocked us out was Motorola's radio paging set. Here is a typical case: There is a hotel with a valet which hires a clothes picker-upperer name of Jasper. While Jasper is out picking up or delivering, a call comes in from a room near where he is going. But Jasper has to backtrack all the way to the valet shop until he gets the word, then he has to set out anew. Well, now, with Motorola's radio page, Jasper slips in his pocket a wee gadget no bigger than a pack of giant king-size cigarettes. Same situation arises. But, aha! Back at the shop the valet sends the secret signal. Calling all pants deliverers! Jasper, somewhere in hotel, hears buzzer on his tiny giant king-size contraption. "Jasper, speaking, over. . . ," he says into the thing. "Now hear this," says the valet over the air. "Now hear this . . . pick up suit to be dry cleaned, Room 1705. That is all, that is all."

Motels and diners will now come in one handy-dandy packaged unit available for delivery anywhere. An actual one had been set up inside the Coliseum, and we can report to you that tomorrow's motel will have formica walls, convertible settees, flush mounted air conditioners, and no windows as we know them. The example which was on view in New York had a frosted glass panel about a foot high off the floor and another with louvers one foot down from the

# The Riddle

By Robert Friend

DEAR usual world, you know and try to tell
—as I can see though locked within the eye—
for, still pretending that you cannot spell,
your clouds are scrawling on the slate of sky.

Your omens travel where the spider weaves;
birds perch in hieroglyphs to hint the way;
the meaning glimmers on the backs of leaves
when the wind shakes them to my side of day.

World, world, you mean, but do you mean me well,
or am I fetching water in a sieve?
I stand within the heart of parable
whose secret if I read, would I dare live?

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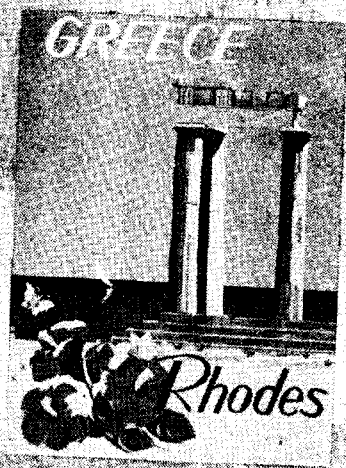

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ceiling. There was no eye-level aperture, probably on the theory that people settle down in a motel too late to enjoy the view and leave too early to contemplate it. Bathtubs will be three-and-a-half feet long with a built-in place to sit and dangle your toes. As for the diner which comes appended to the motel, the standard equipment will include a high-fidelity juke box and a walk-in freezer in which one cannot be locked in.

In their spare time hotel employes don't count their tips; they paint. A collection of oils and watercolors done by everyone from the garde-manger to the garde-robe was on view in the mezzanine of the Coliseum. We were taken by a seascape by George Miller of the Hampshire House, and a still-life of some vegetables by Bernard Etter of the Hotel Statler. But we think that the employes of the Hampshire House, a pleasant establishment that overlooks Central Park, either are more inspired or have more time off, for they paint more paintings than any other hotel. While we were appraising these bellhop Braques and headwaiter Holbeins, a soft voice caught us and said, "Excuse me, sir, but my painting on the wall there attracted your attention. I have a little gallery a half a block away if you would care to visit it. I am always a graduate of the Vienna Academy. Formerly I was assistant headwaiter on the *Independence* and painted this picture of Italy while there with the ship. The president of American Export Lines came up to see it. Now I am no longer on the ship, I am a captain of room service at the Hotel Roosevelt and sometimes I work in what they call the Rough Rider Room."

Across the aisle the Gideons were pushing Bibles with a frightening brochure about how a woman committed suicide in a sixty-four-room hotel which only had forty Bibles. Naturally, the room in which she did herself in was one of the twenty-four without the Good Book. Prior to the incident the management of the hotel had refused to grant permission to place Gideon Bibles in all the rooms.

We descended the stairs very much chastened and found the barbecues still spinning, the man still dropping an inexhaustible supply of beets down the transparent drain. Coca-Cola was dispensing same for free, ladies were drinking Ehlers Coffee for free, and the air was charged with a dozen salad oils frying French fries, crullers, and onions. Man leaning against a pillar near the exit was staring fascinated at the bubbles of a Bromo-Seltzer that was erupting like Kilauea in a paper cup he held in his hand.

—Horace Sutton.

# Alphabet . . .

*Continued from page 27*

port of the overwhelming majority of the world's peoples for a United Nations with responsible authority; how to prevent aggression; how to deal with conspiracy on the world level; how to insure justice; how to safeguard human existence.

The agenda is survival. And even as the debate begins, there is one measure that can be taken that can give point to the debate and conceivably win the world a little time. We can put knowledge to work. The U.N. can take the initiative in bringing about a public accounting of armaments.

Knowledge about arms, universally held, this is what we must start working toward at once. Arms information, of course, is no substitute for the mutual inspection and control that must come, first, probably by bilateral agreements, but eventually under a strengthened U.N. But as an essential step toward this goal, information is already important. (Until there is an effective international control agency, complete with its own "fire alarm" system, collection of *warning* information must remain in national hands. The pace of modern warfare is so swift that warnings must be fed directly to defensive and retaliatory forces.)

The recent political campaign in the United States, plus the statements of prominent biological and physical scientists and the report of a Presidential commission, have given publicity to yet another crisis which demands the attention of the U.N.: atmospheric poisoning as a result of frequent test-detonations of the bombs. It is now known that a new isotope, strontium-90, is created in the heart of a bomb, and that this isotope, along with other radioactive materials, is lofted high into the sky whence it is carried by high-velocity winds all over the globe, raining down on people, animals, and plants with incalculable effects for the permanent genetic integrity of all living things. Certainly it is imperative that the U.N. establish limits on the testing of these monster weapons, that U.N. observers be stationed near the sites of whatever tests are permitted, and that U.N. scientists keep the organization informed about the overall world radioactivity picture.

Specifically, the U.N. should begin its own program to collect, evaluate, and disseminate to all member nations fullest information on world armaments. And national arms intelligence and inspection efforts must gradually be fitted into a U.N. context.

First, a United Nations Arms In-

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formation Agency could immediately evaluate all publicly available data on the forces of each country and issue estimates of each nation's armaments. It is not generally recognized what reliable estimates can be made from published information. The work of private organizations which publish detailed data on the world's military forces can be cited as examples of what can be done with so-called "open" sources of information. Agencies of the U.N. already publish voluminous estimates of national economic resources. Should not the U.N. begin studies of national armaments with similar vigor?

In addition to "open" sources, arms information could be collected by the U.N. in other ways:

Any mutual inspection agreements between nations should provide that the U.N. receive copies of information gathered by participating nations. U.N. teams could supplement national inspectors at agreed control points, just as the U.N. is now doing in Korea and may soon do in Palestine.

Nations having aerial reconnaissance forces should be requested to place small units under the operational control of the U.N. Agency; and arrangements could be made for the U.N. to take responsibility for aerial inspection of those areas not covered by reciprocal national surveys.

The U.N. could participate in the earth satellite program and other scientific efforts associated with the international geophysical year where such activities might develop opportunities to collect data on world military forces as well as scientific information. The U.N. should itself operate the reconnaissance satellites soon to encircle the earth.

This proposal, therefore, calls for the U.N. to begin now to report regularly to the world on the development, testing, production, and possession of arms. Accurate, complete and universally available arms data can soon become the basis for U.N.-sponsored efforts to achieve world arms controls and progressive reduction.

I am certain that no one will regard this proposal as an end in itself. The end, of course, can only be a United Nations wise enough and strong enough to bring to our planet a rule of law and justice. And justice involves not merely the careful and precise operation of legal machinery. It involves the passionate concern for the human individual, making life as meaningful and purposeful as the human potential will permit. For safety and security are not enough. The fulfilment of the human potential remains today, as it has always been, the main business of the human race.

—Carlos P. Romulo.

# Americana

*Continued from page 22*

of course was not among the 230 contributors of the 350 articles, nor was Sheridan, who was writing his own book. These omissions aside, the four volumes constitute an autobiography of the military aspects of the war.

A one-volume edition of forty-four of these articles, selected and edited by Ned Bradford, has now been published by Appleton-Century-Crofts under the original title for $8.95. Mr. Bradford, who is editor-in-chief of Little, Brown, has done a conscientious job of choosing.

The book begins with Abner Doubleday's stirring account of Fort Sumter and ends with Lee's poignant farewell order to his troops. In between, all of the major battles are covered and some minor skirmishes, including Pittinger's wonderful narrative of the locomotive chase in Georgia and Smith's moving story of Stonewall Jackson's last battle. No one can read these pages, dipped in the blood of battle as they are, without feeling the passion and immensity of the Civil War and without gaining a new and profound respect for the men who lived it and fought it.

As a work of history, however, Mr. Bradford's book shares the defect of its parent—and that is lack of perspective and balance. The original contributors were writing partisan history, not sitting in judgment. So this is not a military history of the Civil War, nor does it show the fruits of a century of Civil War scholarship. Yet, because the stories are so ably done and bear so unmistakably the imprimatur of the noise of battle, the book is a genuine classic. Mr. Bradford's edition, which retains the splendid maps and illustrations of the original, is faithful to its source, and we should be grateful to him for it, while at the same time wishing his choices had been more extensive.

—A. W.

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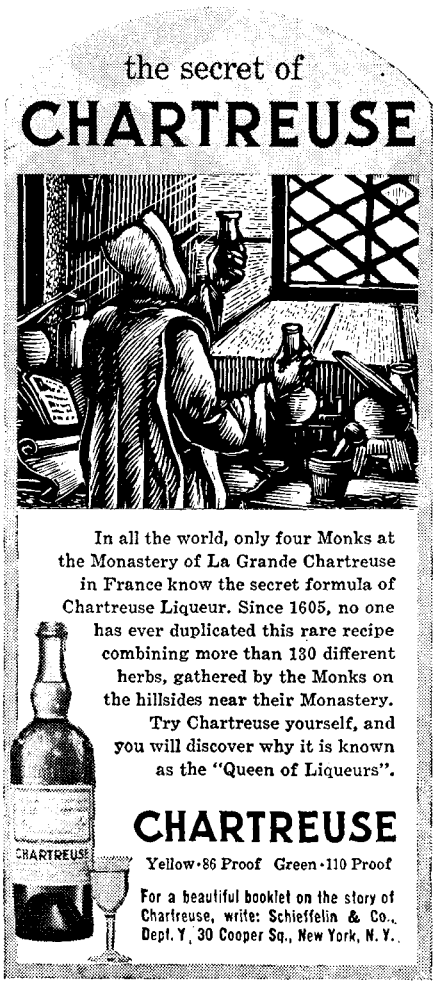
Afterward, Alexandre said: "I'm sorry. But I did think we would be happy together. *En famille*. I thought she would remind you of your youth."

"She did," said Dumas *père*. "She did remind me of my youth. But, you see, she was unable to remind me of hers."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# Fiction

*Continued from page 16*

ries by four very good writers is a praiseworthy experiment in publishing. It would be helpful, however, if any subsequent volumes included brief biographical sketches.

**THE RETURN OF GUNNER ASCH:** Some writers easily become the prisoners of their own initial success, so it was perhaps inevitable that Hans Hellmut Kirst, whose "The Revolt of Gunner Asch" had conquered the reading public of many countries, should be tempted to return to the subject of his first glory. Yet it must be said of the sequel, **"Forward Gunner Asch!"** (translated by Robert Kee; Little, Brown, $3.95), that its hero isn't the lazily picaresque fellow who used to thumb his nose at military madness and dirty the spotless record of his so-called superiors. For one thing, Mr. Kirst gives us this time much less of Asch. Now Asch is a member of No. 3 Troop, cozily entrenched at the dormant front, who approves of the silent compact with "Ivan" not to fire a shot as long as humanly possible. But when Captain Witterer, the villain of the piece, starts to introduce outdated concepts of heroism to the front, Lance Corporal Kowalski (another old friend of the first volume) prepares the expected comeuppance. Gunner Asch enters the main plot only at the very end—and then in a serious mood with a revolver in his hand.

What author Kirst accomplished in his first venture was to revive an old form which is quite familiar to European audiences: the military farce. But at least he never deviated from the mood. In his sequel, however, perhaps prompted by what is known as artistic conscience, he has attempted to mix farce with tragedy; for example, he offers an extended serious discussion of the folly of all wars in general and of Hitler's war in particular. There are still a few hilarious chapters. (One of these describes a home-front exercise in which not a single target is hit while a general, surrounded by sour subalterns and a lively dachshund, watches in mounting horror.) But these are crowded out by episodes which the author wants to be taken seriously. To use a ruthless comparison, it is as if a burlesque performer had all of a sudden silenced the music, stopped her bumps and grinds, and stepped before the curtain to make an impassioned plea for Peace, Prosperity, and the Fresh Milk Fund.

—RICHARD PLANT.

**KOREA THROUGH BRITISH EYES:** Not long ago a young Englishman named D. J. Hollands wrote a novel about the Korean War entitled "The Dead, the Dying, and the Damned" which enjoyed considerable success in Britain. That book has now been published in this country under the title of **"Able Company"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50) and it is described by its publishers as "the big novel on Korea that had to be written, the story of youngsters who fought a war they never understood in a country they had scarcely heard of, under conditions desperate enough to break the toughest spirit."

Mr. Hollands knows how to construct a novel along solid lines. He presents his characters and his settings with a wealth of persuasive detail. His narrative develops steadily and holds the attention from beginning to end. Two characters provide the focus in a scene crowded with many others. One of them is Peter Blake, who has just emerged from officers' training school and is destined to lead a platoon of National Service recruits into the hell of warfare. The other is Major Richard Lawrence, a debilitated regular army man who seizes upon the Korean conflict in an effort to save his career, even if it means sacrificing his own unit in battle. In the months of trial by fire the youth learns bitterly the responsibilities of manhood, and Lawrence is rewarded with the DSO at the expense of his honor.

But where have we met these two people (and their comrades) as well as many of the situations before? In virtually every novel about World War II. As a sound and serious story about one of the great dramatic experiences of our times "Able Company" is a praiseworthy and useful work. But in this reviewer's opinion the "big novel" on Korea is yet to come.

—NED CALMER.

**MEDIEVAL PANORAMA:** What more can a reader ask of a novelist than a lively yarn of mystery, war, love, fantasy, and a view of medieval Italy, the whole being mixed with the exquisite spectacle of a caravan of visitors from Cathay? This is what he will find in Richard Llewellyn's **"Warden of the Smoke and Bells"** (Doubleday, $3.75), a highly romantic and dashing tale of the walled city state of Assisi at the time when Marco Polo, followed by a host of Mongolian soldiers borrowed from Kubla Khan, marched into Assisi on his way to Venice. The hero is a young man named Franc who has inherited from his ancestors the post of warden of the watch tower, and when a cloud of dust appears on the road to the north he is ready to raise a column of fire and smoke in order to hasten the builders of the great church outside the wall to run to the great gate. Mr. Llewellyn has produced a novel which is a far cry from his world-famous "How Green Is My Valley," but once he gets started he provides his readers with enough plots and counterplots, violence and deviltry to keep them reading to the end.

—HARRISON SMITH.

**A PRIEST'S PROBLEMS:** In his first novel, **"The Priest"** (Macmillan, $3.50), Joseph Caruso draws upon the life of Sicilian-Americans in Boston's West End. The priest of the title is young Father Octavio Scarpi, a physical giant who was born of the people to whom he ministers in St. Dominic's Roman Catholic Church. The women of his parish are devout, but the men are unreconstructed Mafian anti-clericals with long and hard memories of the landlord-priests of their native island. Yet to the men Father Scarpi is an exception because he is one of their own.

Perhaps it is because Father Scarpi is so much a part of these people that he has become involved in their problems—overly involved, in the eyes of higher clerical authorities. He has the problem of a murderer's confession on his mind, and it is a confession which by the nature of his office he cannot reveal even if it is to mean the saving of an innocent man's life. But that isn't the only thing Father Scarpi has on his mind. There are, too, the sins which he had tally reviews—sins deriving from his giant strength, his intense, quick passion against injustice and cruelty. There are, too the sins which he had committed before he was ordained, sins which arise to mock his priestliness. It is this inner conflict of the man versus the priest which is the theme of Mr. Caruso's book, although he spends a great deal of time and space with the superimposed story of a man wrongfully condemned for murder. The author knows his countrymen and treats them with dash, color, warmth, and sympathy. Father Scarpi's fellow curates, Sconnetti and Lazzini, are drawn with tender, vivid detail; so is the brooding, dying pastor, Father Ferrera. However, Mr. Caruso seems to come to vigorous life only when he leaves the church and he enters the street (but not the gutter, for Mr. Caruso is weakest where he tries to tell us about thugs and high-priced gamblers). The street with its teeming, strident, passionate life, its tenderness and cruelty is where he sings with some eloquence. It is an eloquence which should command attention.

—DAVID KARP.

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# Armchair Athlete

*Continued from page 23*

in sports publications is golf, and the best current golf book of the day happens to be another anthology (this seems to be the season for sports anthologies), **"The Golfer's Own Book,"** edited by Dave Stanley and George G. Ross (Lantern Press, $4.95). Open it up and you get the feeling that you are sticking your hand into a grab bag, such an admixture as "Getting the Most Out of Your Clubs," a glossary of golf terminology, a how-to section by famous golfers, some fiction, and even a poem by Edgar Guest, which mercy prevents us from quoting.

No season would be fulfilled without a how-to book on golf and the best of the current crop, **"The Complete Guide to Golf"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75), is written jointly by four pros who knoweth of what they speak: Ben Hogan, Cary Middlecoff, Sam Snead, and Tommy Armour.

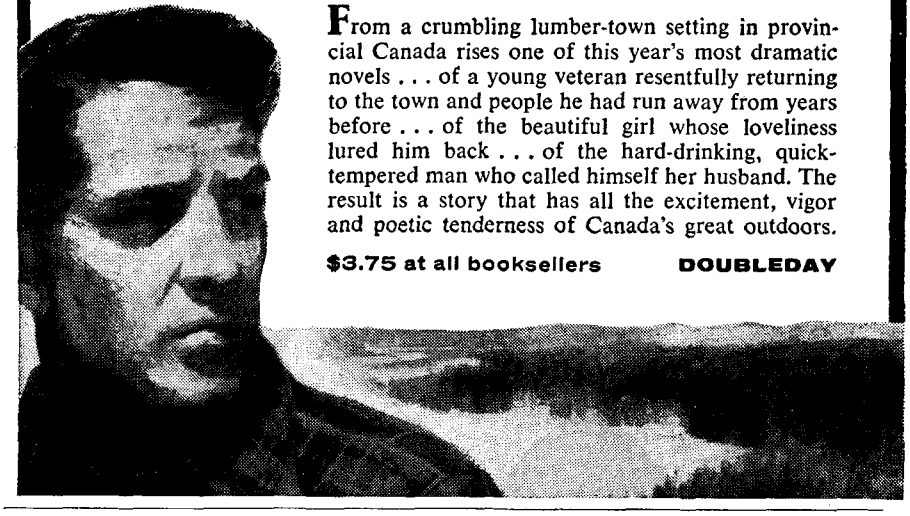
Skipping from golf into the world of the automobile we come across a fascinating pictorial document, **"A Picture History of Motoring,"** by L. T. C. Holt (Macmillan, $5.95). The pictures are truly varied and colorful and the accompanying captions are informative but properly unobtrusive. Two other auto books of interest are **"Famous Auto Races and Rallies,"** by Erwin Lessner (Hanover House, $5), which indeed lives up to its name but suffers from lack of an index (I had a terrible time finding Barney Oldfield in the text), and **"The Racing Car, Development and Design,"** by three knowing Englishmen, Cecil Clutton, Cyril Posthumus, and Denis Jenkinson (Scribner, $6.50), which hits hard at the mechanical aspects of the automobile but seldom comes to grips with the people who, after all, made the thing go.

If you tire of automobile lore try a bicycle. Arthur Judson Palmer's **"Riding High: The Story of The Bicycle"** (Dutton, $5.95) performs a notable service on a much-neglected instrument of transportation, at least in our country. The text is stuffy in spots but the pictures are wonderful, including photos of a Decemtuple, a bicycle built for ten; and an eight-man tricycle that weighed a ton and a half, with two of its wheels eleven feet in diameter. Much of the best portion of the book is devoted to bicycling in America in the Gay Nineties, when that sport was at its peak. The author gives us a delightful word portrait of the famous Brooklyn-Coney Island cycle paths and "The 'Heavenly twins,' two bold females riding tandem in close-fitting


The memory of a girl led him back to Nova Scotia— and a trial for murder led him into manhood

THE WINGS OF NIGHT

by THOMAS H. RADDALL



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bloomers, waistcoats, and mannish jackets, with sporty cycling caps at a devil-may-care angle. They were never seen without their retinue of 'wolves-a-wheel,' mashers jockeying for choice positions that afforded an unobstructed view from the rear."

Tennis, like boxing, wallows in a black area of decline in our country and that melancholy fact is reflected in the slimness of the literary pickings on the sport. **"The Game of Doubles,"** by William F. Talbert and Bruce S. Old (Holt, $4.95), is the only recent contribution of value. A valuable contribution it is, though—the first book on doubles play alone that has ever been published. It has the added merit of being co-authored by Billy Talbert, one of the very best doubles players when he was teaming with Gardner Mulloy in the 1940s.

For the outdoor sports participant, that fellow who shuns the couch like a plague, there is much to suit his varied, if maniacal tastes. If he wishes to try his hand at water skiing there is **"Water Skiing for All,"** by Walter M. Prince (Greenberg, $3.50), a primer on that audacious sport. If skin-diving is his meat there is **"Free Diving,"** a comprehensive and rather technical book about skin-diving told from the French point of view by Dimitri Rebikoff (Dutton, $5.75). If he wishes to climb mountains there is **"A Picture History of Mountaineering,"** by Ronald W. Clark (Macmillan, $5.95), which won't teach him anything but will at least whet his appetite. If he wishes to know more about small boats there is **"The New Book of Small Boats,"** by Albert Robberson (Random House, $2.95), which gives much solid information on the little ones, plus a sixty-page catalogue of the top models of 1956. If he wishes to learn how to handle a canoe, both on water and dry land, there is **"Canoeing,"** by Carle W. Handel (Barnes, $1.75).

But if he wishes to learn how to steady a canoe on a windy day let him ignore Lawrence Lariar's latest, **"Hunt and Be Damned"** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95). Here is a typical bit of windsmanship by Lariar: "You were crazy to go out in all that wind in the first place." Lariar, who illustrated as well as wrote "Hunt and Be Damned," also tells how to hunt moose.

"Calling moose, like calling ducks, is a special art and has nothing to do with musical talent. A correct moose call sounds something like a belch, cough, or auto horn. An incorrect moose call sounds pretty much the same, but lacks resonance, timbre, clarity, and sex appeal. Much depends on the inflection of the caller, who should prepare himself for his job by studying the moose, living with them, and possibly making love to them."

# Sawdust, Seaweed, and Synthetics

*Continued from page 13*

sufficient beauty—natural or man-made—seem incompatible?

What of the diminishing privacy that accompanies crowding? Privacy is freedom from observation, disturbance, and interference, whether with thoughts, emotions, or acts. It is privately that people receive their most powerful and original impulses. But who—today—wants privacy? Certainly not the "integration-minded" American teachers who rate pupil conformity and popularity above ability to learn or express. Not those millions who instinctively flock together like sparrows when there is plenty of room elsewhere.

Perhaps the need for privacy begins only with individuals of a certain kind. And perhaps even among them only those understand its value who have seen what life without it can become—the awful promiscuity of the boat-dwellers on the Pearl River at Canton, China; or crowded Calcutta on a summer night during the monsoon; or Russian workers packed four families in a room and unable to open the window lest they freeze! Even without these sights many Americans who passed some time in crowded military camps in wartime learned how essential some privacy can become to happiness. Certainly without it the creative portion of mankind would find it more difficult to achieve that concentration essential to maximum mental creativity.

Solitude is something else. One can —with sufficient will power—find solitude in a crowd, in a suburban rose garden, or indoors in a great city, windows closed and doors barred. Some great minds have done so. But surely that solitude is best where the possibility of being alone is couple with privacy, silence, and the excit ing quality of remoteness which onl untouched nature seems to possess Certain supreme beauties move on more the further away from citie they lie—the empty starlit sky, th glint of moonlight on a lake, towerin mountains. Clearly for the few draw to contemplation and the search fo truth, who are the teachers of th race, a world with no remaining wilderness would be poor indeed.

Needs differ, even among animals—as any dog-lover can testify. An good society must provide for varying preferences—for crowd-warmt as well as for freedom, nature, natural beauty, privacy, and solitude. So if we say that an optimum population for this planet is one that can most fully enjoy the *savor* of life we have to admit that savor is hard to define. It includes all sorts of things—freedom, nature, beauty, spaciousness, the sense of adventure—and a certain smacking of the lips. It can even (at least for me) be *symbolized* by the type of available food.

It is here that the demographers reveal their appalling inhumanity. Solemnly they calculate the amount of nourishment necessary to fill ever more billions of bellies. Looking for the maximum nourishment obtainable, some are already counting on wood pulp and algae. Through tens of millions of acres of forests or algae "farms" in the sea and floating islands whose inhabitants would cut down their physical activities so as to need a minimum of calories, the earth—they reason—might conceivably nourish no less than 200 billion creatures—though whether they could any

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## MORE TWIN TITLES

Following up "Twin Titles" (*SR* October 15, 1955), Fannie Gross of Asheville, N.C., presents ten additional pairs of authors who published works with identical titles. Can you name them? Answers on page 56.

1. Walter Lionel George, William Sansom
2. Maxim Gorky, James Fenimore Cooper
3. Lula Vollmer, Lola Ridge
4. Stéphane Mallarmé, Ferenc Molnár
5. Henri Barbusse, Dante
6. John Keats, Benjamin Disraeli
7. Waldo David Frank, Philip Barry
8. Kahlil Gibran, Sholom Asch
9. William Faulkner, Nathaniel Hawthorne
10. Sigrid Undset, Mary Jane Ward

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longer at that point be called human I cannot say. Some masterminds go further. A British physicist, J. D. Bernal, has suggested solving the food problem by synthesizing an edible something from coal, limestone, and air. (This has, I believe, been done and I would wish Communists like Bernal no worse than having to live on it.) On such a basis, zoologist Berrill acidly comments, there might develop "a population so universally dense that there would be sitting room only." Yet if maximum multiplication is a man's aim (or fate) here is a promising approach.

It inspires a less promising conclusion: Raising as many children as the good Lord sends may—short of catastrophe—at some point require everyone to live upon *sawdust, seaweed,* and/or *synthetics.* Provided one cared to live at all. Personally I should not. Suffering we can stand if we must. But not the tedium of a savorless existence.

Sir Charles Darwin insists that man, like any other organism, will regularly reproduce right up to the starvation limit. Some people have always been hungry. Some are hungry today. Some always will be hungry. Nothing that man does can change it. Perhaps not. But if man's will cannot limit the size of his family how can Sir Charles know that his statement is anything but a conditioned reflex, empty of either truth or falsehood? Determinism anywhere makes argument useless. Besides, other distinguished specialists believe that mankind can control its numbers if it puts its mind to it.

One other objection to limiting population deserves more consideration. It runs that by limiting the number of human beings we would actually worsen the race by limiting the occurrence of superior men and women. If—one may reason—"teachers of the human race" occur in anything like a regular proportion, then the more people, the more outstanding individuals on earth at any time and the faster civilization will grow.

What little we know about the frequency of greatness does not sustain this view. Observed evidence is all the other way. Athens, Alexandria, Florence, Cordova, medieval Paris—these seem to have brought forth genius in all fields far more thickly than modern New York or London, not to speak of Canton or Calcutta. Renaissance Italy, Germany, France, Britain, and the Low Countries, Persia at one period—with relatively few inhabitants—appear to have been proportionately richer in high-quality individuals than today's teeming supernations. A serious investigation of population density and human quality

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might well indicate an optimum size to cities as well as an optimum human density. Such an investigation would be difficult. And maintaining the optimum, once it was found, even harder. After all, in our own times two countries, Ireland and Sweden, have kept their numbers under control with admirable results.

One ingenious way to control population has been stated by an inhabitant of Lin Yutang's imaginary island of Thainos: "Very simple. We have a system of proportionate taxation. The larger the family the higher the tax. That stops it, all right."

Difficult to enact and enforce? Perhaps. But compare it with an alternative remedy currently proposed. Dr. Fritz Zwicky suggests that those who find the earth too crowded simply bomb large pieces out of frigid planets like Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune, create out of the material salvaged a hundred new planets with climates and motions like the earth's, and go live on them. He even offers, given ten years and enough money, to build an interplanetary ship. Which is more utopian: to call upon people to limit the number of their offspring or to rearrange the Solar System?

Until the advent of nuclear weapons it could be argued that no Great Power, however desirous of promoting the quality rather than the quantity of its citizens, dare do so lest it be militarily overwhelmed by a conceivably inferior but more numerous enemy. But the H-bombs seem to have become the "equalizers" of nations much as the six-shooter was that of individuals. Certainly they have made it unlikely that man can surmount the next half-century without a holocaust that would solve the population problem for some time unless he establishes some sort of supernational authority. On this account the threat of multiplication to where "the earth is covered with a writhing mass of human beings much as a dead cow is covered with a writhing mass of maggots" is presumably just a poetic nightmare. Yet the dilemma of some not-too-distant future is real enough—an increasingly dreary, shrinking life for ever more people, or an ever nobler, broader life for a limited number. There is no escape. So maybe the average American young woman had better start helping God to keep human quality up by some limitation on human numbers.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "A Bed of Roses." 2. "The Spy." 3. "Sun-Up." 4. "The Swan." 5. "The Inferno." 6. "Endymion." 7. "Holiday." 8. "The Prophet." 9. "The Marble Faun." 10. "The Snake Pit."


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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1185

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

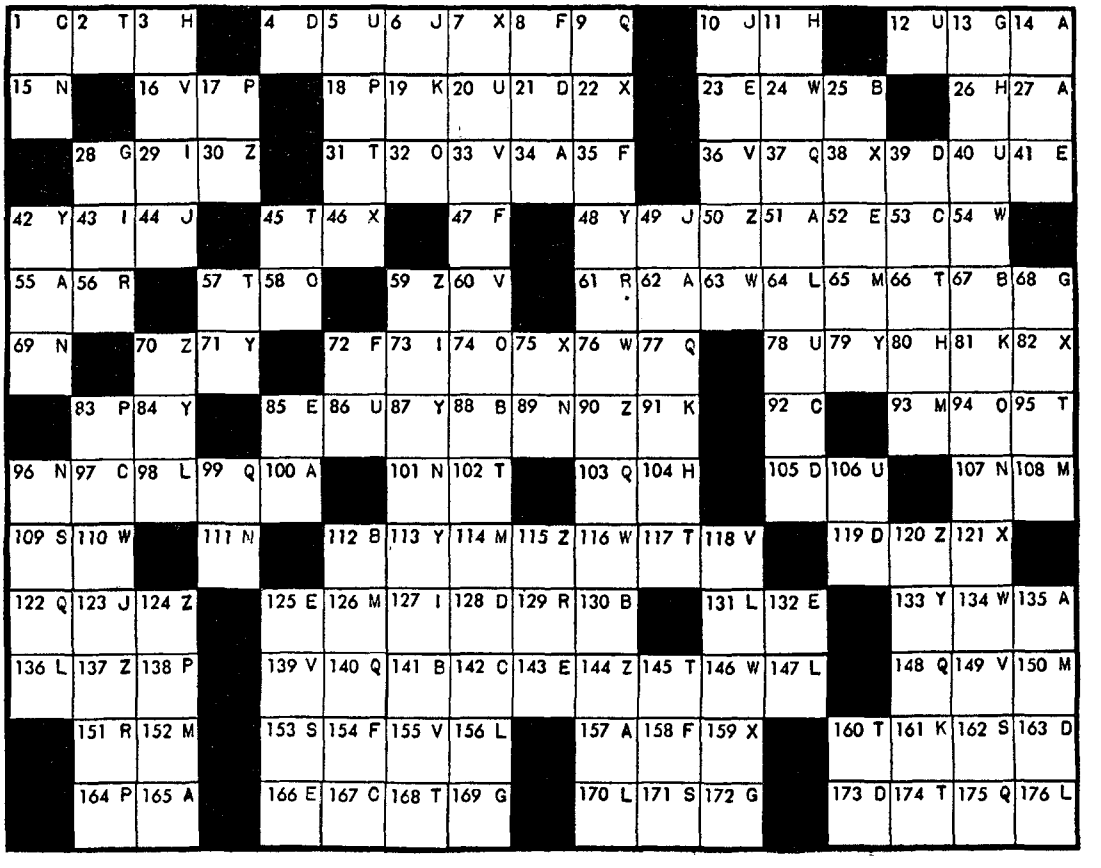
By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Allied; banded together, as by stock ownership. | 14 165 27 51 135 55 34 157 100 62 |
| B. One who eulogizes; popular Scottish singer whose real name was MacLennan (1870-1950). | 112 88 67 130 25 141 |
| C. Popular singer Miss Kitt. | 142 92 97 1 167 53 |
| D. In a way to capture attention (said of music). | 128 39 163 4 173 105 21 119 |
| E. Early Mormon leader from Avon, Connecticut; pres., Mormon Church, 1889-98. | 166 132 23 52 85 41 125 143 |
| F. Fasten one thing to another. | 154 35 72 47 8 158 |
| G. To put into circulation, as money; speak. | 172 169 28 13 68 |
| H. A "royal game" referred to in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." | 80 26 11 104 3 |
| I. Followed by Word S, popular name in the Eighties for German political agitator of fiery threat. | 29 43 127 73 |
| J. Latin name for region of ancient Troy. | 10 123 49 6 44 |
| K. The Eucharistic wafer. | 81 161 91 19 |
| L. As on a common plane for consideration (3 wds.). | 176 170 136 131 98 64 147 156 |
| M. New England college on whose faculty Harriet Beecher Stowe's husband taught while she finished "Uncle Tom's Cabin." | 114 152 93 150 126 108 65 |
| N. Mary Todd's brother-in-law at whose house she first met Lincoln. | 69 96 107 111 89 15 101 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| O. Region of cent. Europe, noted for rich coal mines, great industrial development, etc. | 58 94 74 32 |
| P. Author of "Jerusalem Delivered," 16th-cent. Italian poet. | 138 83 17 18 164 |
| Q. At disposal; obtainable. | 148 175 122 103 77 140 99 37 9 |
| R. English sugar refiner, philanthropist, patron of modern art (1819-99). | 151 61 56 129 |
| S. See Word I. | 153 171 162 109 |
| T. The "circuit court" which served the young lawyer Lincoln and his colleagues as a sort of playful Pickwickian club (J. G. Randall; Sandburg). | 102 117 31 160 174 66 2 45 95 57 168 145 |
| U. Crawl or glide along in snakelike fashion. | 40 78 20 106 5 86 12 |
| V. Amer. legislator, served in Revolution, on Continental Cong., U.S. Senator, Congressman, diplomat, three times Gov. of S.C. (1757-1824). | 36 16 149 139 155 60 33 118 |
| W. The kind of "maid" that Music was when young (William Collins). | 110 76 116 63 134 24 146 54 |
| X. One thing a "crowded hour of glorious life" surely is. | 159 75 38 7 82 46 121 22 |
| Y. *Sensation of cold.* | 42 48 113 87 71 133 79 84 |
| Z. Sweeten. | 124 90 144 50 137 120 115 59 70 30 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*




Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 51 of this issue.



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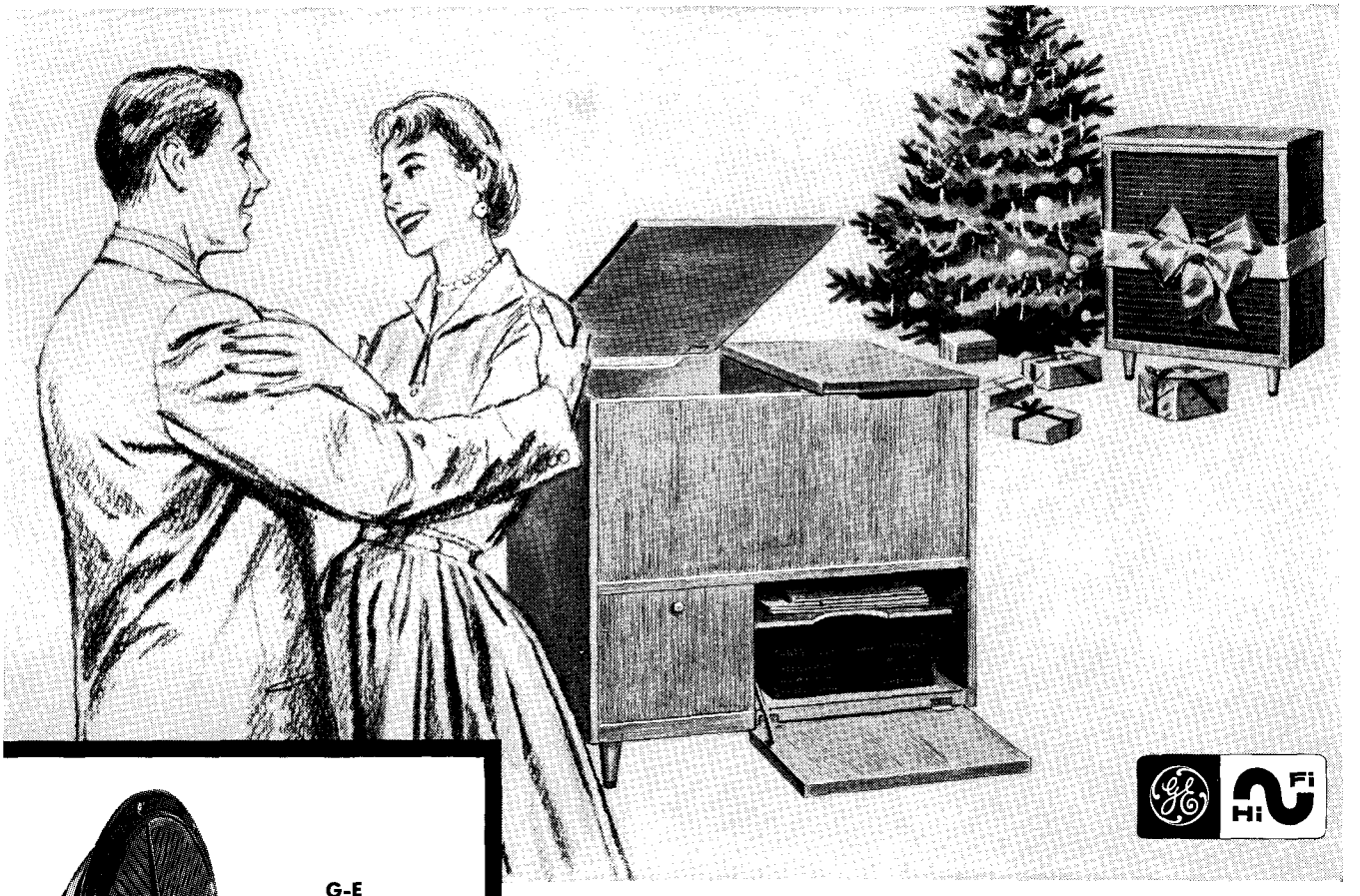

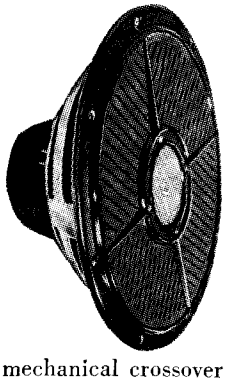

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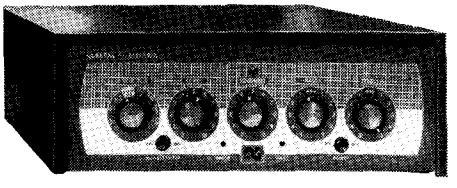

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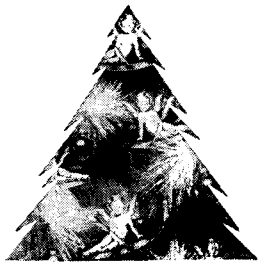

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